

THE SAGUENAY.

[Ever since we saw the drawings of the Saguenay in the "Seven Mile Mirror," we have had an earnest desire to explore that river. But the nearest approach we have made to it, is by finding the following Editorial Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

Cacouna, Wednesday Evening, Aug. 27, 1851.

ABOUT two o'clock this morning we were wakened by the hiss of steam, and soon after heard the creak of the windlass getting up the anchor; and by three, the *Rowland Hill* was on her way over the St. Lawrence.

The distance across, from Cacouna, is some thirty miles; it was fairly daylight when we passed the dangerous shoals of Isle Rousse in the St. Lawrence, just above the entrance of the Saguenay; and the sun had just flashed over the hills as we touched at a charming little place, called Lasalou, or Tadousac, just within the mouth. This is the first post of the Hudson's Bay Company, which formerly had an entire monopoly of the river, and kept a fort here to prevent vessels from entering it; they yet monopolize the fur trade and salmon fisheries, which, though less considerable than formerly, still possess a value; and their posts extend along the river far up into the interior, all of which is wilderness, with some exceptions that are trifling compared to the magnitude of the country.

Lasalou lies in a green dell among the ragged and barren hills broken apart for the passage of the river. It is completely sheltered except toward the south. Its half dozen cottages, placed as convenience, not regularity, has dictated, look down the slope with a coquettish picturesqueness, and, as if to complete the picture, as our boat draws toward the wharf, three or four girls in light dresses and with the broad-brimmed straw hats, that in Canada fill the place of both parasol and bonnet, come like nymphs tripping across the dewy sward to welcome some friend expected among our passengers. A more delicious scene could not be imagined, and some of our younger comrades behold it as if they would gladly end their travels there, nor seek to explore further the wonders of the Saguenay. For a moment we all feel the attraction: shall we debark here and try the experiment of a life which shines so tempting in its setting of granite and pine forests?

But the *Rowland Hill*, as if afraid of such seductions, scarcely pauses: in a twinkling the passengers are landed; we glide past a jutting promontory and the lovely village is seen no more. We are in the silence and solitude of the Saguenay.

I know no art of language to paint the primeval wildness and largeness of this river and all that pertains to it. It rolls to-day utterly new and lonely as when its bed was first torn out, the mountains that are its shores hurled asunder, and its black and mysterious waters poured through the rift. Of rock are its sides and of rock its bottom. No ship can find holding-ground there, were her cables long enough to sound the depths. No habitation has a place upon the craggy and precipitous shores. In ascending or descending you see no

signs of human life except some Indian in his stealthy canoe hunting for seals, or paddling down to Lasalou with his last night's cargo of salmon. Or, at long intervals, you pass a cove where some creek empties and where a saw-mill has been set up to convert the forest into boards and timber. There possibly you may see a ship waiting for her lading. But for these you must suppose yourself and your companions the first adventurers in a region without parallel. You listen, but hear no sound save the struggle of the engine and the plashing of the wheels, and even they are absorbed and lost in the insatiable vastness. Not a bird, wakened by the sunrise, cuts the clear air; you watch the shore with impatience, but not a beast is seen crawling down the cliffs to slake his morning thirst. Even the trees that cling to the sides and summits of the mountains, are blasted by fire or dead from exhaustion of the scanty soil, as if a curse had been laid upon the locality, where Man is forever an exile and stranger, never a conqueror and inhabitant. The countless ranges of hills that lie back of the river he can plunder of their woods, but he must then leave them to deeper loneliness. The ships that occasionally ascend the stream during the brief season of navigation, will come no more after the forests are removed; and then, save the visits of summer curiosity from distant cities, the Saguenay and its territories will be abandoned to the wandering savage and outlying hunter—if, indeed, their race be not also extinguished. Such a destiny befits this monotonous magnificence of power and barrenness; it is in keeping with the mystery and grandeur that here are native. The Saguenay is alone in Nature. Other rivers, whose names are stored in our remembrance, have a relationship with Man which makes them dear and admirable. Human achievements, and traditions, and the miracles of Art, lend them fame and beauty, and irradiate their shores with a lustre that touches every heart. We recall them as flowing amid fields and vineyards, as reflecting the loveliness of gardens and of homes; towns rise there, and their waters are our highways. Not such is the Saguenay. For the imagination it has no romance, for the eye no charm save that of mystery and awe. It is grand like the Alps, but unlike them it is living. At first, as you stem its rapid current and pass betwixt its inwelling crags, your fancy dreams of valleys and habitable plains beyond, to which this is the gateway, and which will bloom all the fairer because of the stern and forbidding entrance. But vainly the wearied voyager watches for glimpses of that better country. Still the same panorama of cliff and mountain is unfolded before the oppressed and bewildered vision; still the same sombre flood tempts you to plunge and learn its profoundest secret. You ask eagerly, and are told by the old hunters and lumbermen, that back of the river, for leagues and leagues on each side, are only other hills like these you see on either shore, and those you saw yesterday in descending the St. Lawrence. They can never be inhabited or civilized. And thus, at last, you understand the Saguenay, and feel how perfectly it defies and

disdains human association. It will have no companions, save its mountains, indomitable and solitary as itself; it is as if Nature, imitating Man, and preserving in her maturer life the traces and results of youthful turbulence and passion, kept here the mementoes of that epoch when the creative forces raged in awful convulsion, and the now solid surface was heaved and tossed by the fiery fermentation within. To this day volcanic energies haunt the region; about Cape Torment, on the St. Lawrence, earthquakes are frequent, and islands are pointed out which once were hills on the mainland, and have been thrown into the river within the date of popular tradition.

They tell us the Saguenay is nowhere less than a mile wide, and that for the greater part of the distance its breadth is three or four miles. It was hardly possible to believe it. Only when the boat came so near the rocks, that we thought almost to touch them, and yet perceived ourselves a stone's throw off, did we apprehend the illusion that the lucidity of the air, and the lofty, overshadowing shores had put upon the eye. On either hand the river is bounded by granite hills, varying from eight hundred to two thousand feet in height. Fantastic and irregular in shape, now towering in perpendicular crags, now rounded off in steep cones covered with scattered pines and cedars, they shut in the river, with no interruption except where they open to admit the waters of some impetuous mountain stream. Such little inlets alone break the continuity of these majestic walls to which our Palisades are child's play. At their mouths the spring torrents have formed a holding ground on the rocky bottom, where vessels may find anchorage, and around the saw-mill or the lumbermen's cabins, a patch of turf and of grain refreshes the eye with its verdure. You perceive these nooks only as you are passing them; a furlong above or below and the closed barrier again stretches impenetrable, and the demon of the river has you at his mercy as before. The depth of the water is very great—they say from five to seventeen hundred feet. It is black from its profundity, and when dashed into foam by the steamer's paddles becomes a beautiful amber. No other river appears as old as this. Though it is called a tributary of the St. Lawrence it is very much deeper; at its mouth the difference is said to be seven hundred feet; a line of forty fathoms sounds the St. Lawrence, and one of a hundred and sixty the Saguenay. Thus the tributary is the superior of the two, and of its store of waters ever withholds the greater part. The tide rises and falls there near thirty feet, but the flood at the mouth—which is narrower than the stream above—serves only as a dam to roll back the outpouring mass, and thus all the tides of the Saguenay are its own.

The first sensation after you come around the rocks that shelter Lasalou and feel yourself indeed afloat on the Saguenay, is surprise deepening into awe as the features of the scene are apprehended by the mind. It is not the awe you have before the omnipotence of Niagara, nor the soaring sublime of feeling with which eye and imagination climb far up shivery glaciers. Here the impression is gradual; it gathers, working upon sense and thought together, till at last it comes upon you like a storm, to pass away and leave you weary and indifferent when it is exhausted. To Niagara you desire always to return, you never outgrow its fascination; but the Saguenay, once printed upon the memory, you would not care to behold again, save

perchance as guide to a friend, or, if still young enough, you may dream of returning some day with your bride. For a bridal tour, or its opposite, a journey to neutralize and eradicate sorrow, the earth has no fitter place; this utter savageness is solitude for lovers; this grandeur and desolation of Nature will chime in and allay the bitterness of grief.

There is little variety here, or indeed there is none at all. Each bend in the river only repeats the crags, and headlands, and wide sweep of water that you have just left behind; only here and there the hills rise into vaster and wilder proportions, though still the same in kind. The Tete du Boule, a gray island whose rocks tower from the centre of the stream, is a land-mark for voyagers; so are the twin promontories, whose names, Eternity and Trinity, record the astonishment of the early explorers as they rowed in the shadow of their gigantic battlements. These two rocks, or rather mountains, stand near together upon the western shore; the highest is two thousand one hundred feet from the surface of the water; they are nearly perpendicular, though one of them—I think it is Eternity—after rising a thousand feet or more, projects slightly forward its jagged summit, as if, at some expected signal, to plunge down and fill the chasm. The boat went very near—almost everywhere on the river the depth is the same on the sides as in the centre—so that the curious might gaze straight up along the face of the precipice. Of course such a stare sky-ward can give no idea of the magnitude or the effect of these antediluvian monuments. If you wish really to see them, take a canoe a mile or two up the river, and float slowly down; you will breathe freer when they are passed.

I heard of no legends connected with these or any other of the pinnacles in whose company we have spent the day. There may have been such told by Indians or voyagers over their camp fires, but I can scarce believe it. Such weirdness of Nature must stifle fancy, or at least array it in supernatural and inhuman gloom. If the gossip of the hunter's bivouac was ever varied with tales of Trinity and Eternity, I am sure they were told with a shudder; the Saguenay must have been the Indian Pyriphlegethon, the stream encircling hell.

There is nothing that can be called picturesque on this river. I heard of artists there making studies; no doubt such may be made with profit, as in a school of nature different from all others. But if wise, they will keep their studies to themselves, and never use them in picture-making. Art can find here much to learn, but little to reproduce. Pictures need a human interest; no landscape is agreeable or satisfactory that neither has nor suggests the presence of Man. How worthless are canvass representations of Niagara, and what person of sense would think to paint a chain of icy Alpine heights, except as mere practice in the manipulation of forms and colors? Such pictures may be convenient for those who have not beheld Niagara or the Alps, but they do not appeal to our sympathies. We look at them as at a piece of skilful workmanship, like a nice shoe or a handsomely stitched waistcoat. The Saguenay is of the same age and lineage as the Alps and Niagara, and so is not a fit subject for pigments and pencils. It is to be seen in its own proportions and with its own environment, or it is not seen at all. Who would care for a miniature gallery of the Titans? The more faithful the likeness the greater the failure.

—We have had a brilliant day for our excursion, but sharp as November, and with a piercing wind rushing down the deep gorge, and blowing at right angles with the sea-breeze of the St. Lawrence. Even with overcoats tightly buttoned, the deck was not tolerable, and only two or three old stagers maintained there a double-quick promenade in spite of the bitter cold. At Ha-ha Bay, some seventy miles up, where the mountains retreat to give place to a strip of lowland, the climate seemed to ameliorate. There are crops of wheat upon the slopes, still green and with little chance of ripening. Some three or four hundred persons are settled there, supported by the lumber trade; and indeed they told me that on the entire river five thousand get their living by it, and by hunting and fishing. I think there are in all sixteen saw-mills in the various localities, and of these, I believe, all except that at Chicoutimi, the head of navigation, belong to one proprietor, Mr. Price, of Quebec, who is said to employ two thousand men. If all the lumber produced be as good as that I saw to-day, it is easy to credit that it brings a higher price at London than any other. The business has not always paid, however. Those who first set up the mills and made the little clearings around them, men generally of limited means, have all failed. Mr. Price was largely their creditor, having furnished them the capital and supplies to commence with, and naturally came into possession of their establishments. The operation was a shrewd one. The workmen in the mills are sturdy fellows, and, like the peasantry of the lower St. Lawrence, differ from those up-country *habitants* we are familiar with, in being men of large and muscular frame, and of heavy features.

We went no further than Ha-ha Bay, where a few passengers were landed for the remoter interior—one of them a priest engaged in a difficult and doubtful attempt to found a colony on Lake St. John, fifty odd miles further to the north; from this lake the Saguenay takes its rise. It is said that there is some good land around it, but the colony does not get on well with the difficult and expensive work of clearing and building. However, the Father, a man of capital qualities, with French gaiety enough to support the most desperate enterprise, bade us a smiling farewell, and set off for his journey through the woods. We staid a half-hour looking about the village, till we were called to go a-board. Then the steamer was put about, and, with wind and current to favor, hastened down the river. Just before sunset we stopped again at Lasalou, and ere night-fall were once more at anchor on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. To-morrow morning we take in a host of passengers who have been spending the summer at Cacouna, and by night shall be at Quebec. I can wish others, who hereafter make the excursion to the Saguenay, no better fortune than ours upon the *Rowland Hill*, with the courteous attentions and inexhaustible good-humor of Captain Jeans. An old traveller can prize the fortune of falling into hands so gentlemanly and hospitable, and, for the sake of the public, I hope he may not soon quit a route where he has made himself so popular.

The Saguenay must become a regular resort for summer tourists. To see it requires three days' absence from Quebec. If these hasty and uncompact notes shall contribute to excite the attention of the public to one of the great natural wonders of the continent, the purpose of their writer will be accomplished.

C. A. D.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

CIVIL RIGHTS AND CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

AN important decision, and one that can scarcely fail to have a very direct and favorable bearing upon the progress of Christianity in India, has recently been given in the Supreme Court of Madras. It is well known that one of the most serious impediments to the success of Christian missions there has been found in the tyranny of caste. A child, a parent, a husband, or a wife, embracing Christianity, thereby severed the ties of relationship, and was practically excluded from the dearest of civil rights. The following narrative will illustrate this fact, and the decision which follows removes those disabilities hereafter. The reader cannot fail to notice the considerate but elevated tone and sentiment which pervade the judgment delivered by the court. It is said that the friends of the wife intended to appeal from the decision to the chief justice, but it was generally admitted by the Indian journals that there was scarcely a remote possibility of its being overruled, it being so palpably in accordance with the letter and spirit of the toleration act.

A Hindoo, named Streenavassa, was betrothed and married, according to the forms of his religion, at an early age, to one Lutchmee, also a child of four years of age; eleven years subsequently—namely, about June or July, 1850, the husband took his wife to his own house and the marriage was completed, they being then respectively 21 and 15 years of age. In the month of April, 1851, the husband, Streenavassa, became a convert to Christianity, and was baptized in the name of Andrew Philip. A week previous to this occurrence, his wife's father, hearing that Streenavassa was preparing himself for baptism, went to the residence of his son-in-law, and by the connivance of some person there took away Lutchmee, and conveyed her to his own house. Notwithstanding this evidence of the course that his family were prepared to adopt toward him, Streenavassa persevered in his intention, and, abandoning idolatry, became a Christian on the 12th of April last. He made many attempts to see his wife after this, but was prevented from so doing by her father, and at length he applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was granted by Sir William Burton on the 6th of June, and made returnable on the following day.

The return made by the father of Lutchmee was a denial that she then was or ever had been in his custody since the day when she was abstracted from her husband's residence, and as a sort of proof of this assertion it was intimated that she was in court, whereupon the judge ordered her to be brought forward.

"This circumstance induced Mr. Morton, the Advocate General, who appeared in support of the writ, to waive all objections to the return made to the writ, for as the young woman had appeared, that was sufficient to show that the order of the court had been obeyed in fact, though not in form. All he had now to do was to move that the wife be delivered over to the custody of her husband; no imputation had been made of misconduct on either side; it was simply the case of a wife who upon her husband having changed his religion had been abstracted from him by her relations or by the interference of others, through no act of her own, and, if he was rightly instructed, contrary to her own wish, for she had expressed a desire to return to him and to live with him."

The case having been argued at length by the Advocate General and Mr. Salmon, Sir William Burton delivered the judgment of the court, as follows:—

"The question now before me, I consider as the most important that has ever come before the Supreme Court.

I have no hesitation in the matter, although feeling its vital importance as I do, in performing the duty imposed on me by the law, whatever may be the consequences. I have given the matter the best and fullest consideration I could, and shall give my reasons to the best of my ability, and leave the rest in His hands who overrules all things for good.

"The jurisdiction which I now sit here to exercise is a most important and salutary one—to examine summarily on complaint made, and give redress in all cases where the liberty of the subject is involved, or his rights affecting that liberty infringed. Some rights are of so sacred and delicate a nature, that nothing but summary relief would be of any avail, and so deeply has the common law felt this, that this writ has run from time immemorial. All cases where a person is restrained from the free exercise of his rights come under this jurisdiction. As for Hindoo law, in its full extent, and in circumstances like these, there is no court here to administer it and carry it out; and happy may the Hindoos deem themselves that their persons and property are protected by the law of England, by the principles of the common law, and sometimes of statute laws which as a body have taken the place of their own law.

"In some instances, in deference to the usages and prejudices of Hindoos and Mahomedans, the royal charter directs the supreme courts to decide according to their laws in matters of contract and inheritance; and, as Mr. Salmon has justly observed, marriage is undoubtedly a contract, and the charter applies to contracts; but is the present question one of contract? No. There is no question now whether there is a marriage—the question is as to the husband's rights over his wife; and if we are to decide this by Hindoo law, the result would probably be that his rights are absolute in the highest degree.

"But this is not a pure question of contract.

"It has been assumed that loss of caste excludes a person from all associations with his fellow-men—that he must be considered as *dead*, and excommunication has been likened to exclusion from caste. Excommunication was a tyrannous law, imposed by a tyrannous priesthood, bearing in too many respects no small resemblance to that of the Hindoos, and its working was most grievous—its object might almost be said to bear the *caput lupinum*. It may be granted that excommunication and exclusion from caste are as bad the one as the other, if exercised as contended for; but as to exclusion from caste, Hindoos having separate castes may unquestionably exclude any one from association with them; any community may do that; but when a man so excluded comes into court and claims his rights there, and the question is raised whether the court is to carry out the principles of excommunication, it must decide that, though a party or community may refuse to associate with another, they cannot take away any of that other party's rights.

"The party may, in one sense—the original sense—be an apostate—i. e., one who has turned from one thing to another; but if it is used as a reproach we must remember that a turning like this is a turning from darkness to light—a returning to that light of Christianity which in ancient times unquestionably was widely spread abroad in India; and this is what is here called apostasy.

"It is indeed a turning from the customs of his associates; but does this lose him his rights? No. Nothing in Hindoo law says that marriage is dissoluble. The wife ceases to belong to her father's family; her existence is incorporated with her husband; she can look only to him; if he dies it is to his relations she must look for even maintenance, and with them she must reside—she is estranged by law from her father's family, and has no claim on them until her husband's family are shown unable to maintain her. I have no doubt whatever that there is no law in this land that

can dissolve the nuptial contract. If a Christian should turn a Mussulman this would not release his wife; and so with the Hindoo, change of faith does not invalidate the contract.

"The Hindoo law is, that marriage is indissoluble. I would adopt Sir E. Gambier's words, alluded to by Mr. Salmon: the same law that applies in this case is that which would prevail if a Christian had embraced Mahomedanism. There is no distinction. I have no right to say this man has forfeited his civil rights, yet I must do so unless I declare that his wife must be delivered to him. Were he suing on a contract for goods sold, or for work or labor, must I declare him incapable of doing so? If he has not lost that right, by what principle can it be made out that he has lost this?

"As for excommunication, the opinion of the nation had laughed that to scorn, and made it obsolete, hundred of years ago, but the 53d George III. extinguished even the form and name of it, and the like has been lately done in this country, by the act 21 of 1850.

"However the case might be under the old Hindoo law, that has ceased to be law in cases like the present. Act 21 of 1850 is the great charter of religious freedom for all inhabitants of British India; no change of religion can now forfeit a man's rights. The people may rage at first, but on reflection they will find that, as I have said, this act is the Indian charter of religious freedom, imposing no restraint on any one's conscience—an act for which all should be devoutly grateful to Providence.

"I don't say it relieves my mind, for even without it I should have no doubt, but this act leaves no room for question, and while I sit here, *no man's rights shall be endangered for his religious opinions.*

"I have not examined nor questioned this young woman—this is not, like the cases referred to, a case of paternal authority, with or without infancy—it is the stronger and clearer case of husband and wife, without even a suggestion that this young woman, or any one on her behalf, apprehends anything like ill usage. A wife's virtue is only safe under her husband's protection; there is her proper place. This young woman must necessarily have been much influenced by her relatives with whom she lived these last two months, so I shall make no inquiry, but simply order her to be restored to her husband.

"Let her be delivered to her husband.

"In conclusion, I would ask all present to put it to their own hearts, what has this young man done to merit expulsion from his fellow-men, and forfeiture of his civil right, or to condemn this young woman to perpetual widowhood?"

ROYAL RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—An English paper thus describes the progress of the Queen to the North:—

Her Majesty manages her travelling in a manner which costs herself an immensity, and produces nothing to anybody else. She always goes by "special" trains, and special trains are costly affairs. She pays at the rate of about £1 per mile for the engine, and, in addition, the ordinary fare for each place in the carriages attached; and in this way she could hardly have managed to get to Edinburgh this week much under £300; for her suite and servants, when the nursery goes with her, are numerous. But this does not pay the company on whose line she travels. The Great Northern have had to build a "royal carriage"—representing about £1000. Then they have to turn off or aside all the ordinary traffic, to withdraw their servants from all the usual employments, in order to keep the line clear.

From the Morning Chronicle.

PROTESTANTISM IN TURKEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR—The Rayahs or non-Mussulman subjects of Turkey were, until recently, divided into and dealt with by the Porte as three separate communities—Greeks, Armenians and Jews. The "Correspondence respecting the condition of Protestants in Turkey," to which I referred in my previous letter, informs us that these separate religious communities and their schismatical Roman separatists, a new schism has now been legally constituted under the denomination of "Rayah Protestants." This new body of religionists is for the present composed of "dissidents" from the Greek and Armenian churches.

Now, sir, it is to the way in which the Church of England has been committed to this politico-religious movement in Turkey, by the acts of Lord Palmerston and Chevalier Bunsen, that I would beg to call attention.

It appears from despatch No. 1, addressed by Lord Palmerston to Lord Ponsonby in February, 1841, that, as far back as the year 1837, the former had been applied to by the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, to endeavor to obtain from the Turkish government permission for their missionaries in Jerusalem to build themselves a chapel. There is no evidence that our government had at that period any precise politico-religious object in view connected with Syria, neither had the society in question, which was unostentatiously endeavoring to convert Jews to Christianity. The unsettled state of the country, and, finally, the breaking out of the war between the Porte and Mehemet Ali absorbed the undivided attention of our Foreign Office and its agents; and it was not until the cessation of hostilities in 1841 that we find Lord Palmerston addressed by the President of the Jews Society, and with the concurrence of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, praying his lordship to intercede with the Turkish government for permission to erect an "Episcopal chapel" at Jerusalem, but under altered circumstances to those under which he had been addressed by the society in 1837.

The Chevalier Bunsen had been sent over to this country by the King of Prussia, specially to invite the coöperation of the English government with that of Prussia to obtain from the Ottoman Porte a recognition of the "Protestant Church" in Turkey as a distinct religious corporation, and that Rayahs who might choose to abandon their own communities should be authorized to form themselves into an independent sect, "build churches, and have bishops and other ecclesiastical functionaries" of their own.

In addition to this recognition of a Rayah Protestant community, the two governments were to endeavor to obtain from the Porte for their own subjects, without any religious distinction, a share in the privileges recently granted by the Sultan to his own people under the Hatti Sheriff of Gulhané.

In despatch No. 3, Lord Palmerston sends to Lord Ponsonby the Chevalier Bunsen's note, setting forth the object of this functionary's special visit to this country, and acquaints our ambassador at the Porte, that the "Government of her Majesty adopts with great earnestness the plan proposed by the King of Prussia, and instructs his Excellency to communicate immediately upon these matters

with the Prussian chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, and to act in them without delay."

Throughout this correspondence there is a strange and confused application of the terms English Church, Protestant Church, and National Church, as though, in their promiscuous use, the identity of the Anglo branch of the "Catholic Church" was to be lost in the establishment of a general "Protestantism," without either centre or circumference, beyond what exists in the individual minds of its advocates, and especially in that of the author of "The Church of the Future."

It is refreshing to turn to the plain, statesman-like answer of Rifaat Pacha, when, in an interview with the Prussian envoy, he sets out in a few words the whole case in its true light. "The Porte," says the Pacha, "had never interfered with foreigners residing within the Ottoman empire, and that it would not meddle with them for the future, so that the Protestant subjects of friendly powers would be as free to practise their religion as were the Catholics and foreign Greeks, and that burial grounds, hospitals, and other religious establishments would be equally respected. . . . And that European Protestants are at liberty everywhere to establish chapels within, or adjoining to the residences of the Embassy of Legation, within or adjoining to the houses of your consuls and agents, either at Constantinople, or elsewhere." He adds, that "as yet there were no Protestant Rayahs; but that if German families, or others of that creed, chose to emigrate to Turkey, and to become subjects of his Highness, as the Spanish Jews at one time had done, the Sublime Porte, as he conceived, would willingly receive them, and would secure to them beforehand the free exercise of their religion, and the complete enjoyment of the provisions of the declaration of Gulhané, and consequently the right to build churches and buy land." While these negotiations were going forward abroad, arrangements were progressing at home for founding the Anglo-Prussian bishopric at Jerusalem, to which the Church of England, through its then venerated Primate and the Bishop of London, was, *malgré bongré*, most summarily committed, but not, it is supposed, until a solemn pledge was required from and given by its promoters that such appointment should not be made the means of interfering with the affairs of the Ancient Churches of the East.

The following is the language of the archbishop's letter commendatory, to be presented by Bishop Alexander to the "prelates and bishops of—the Ancient and Apostolic Churches in Syria;"—"And in order to prevent any misunderstanding in regard to this our purpose, we think it right to make known to you, that we have charged the said bishop, our brother, not to intermeddle in any way with the jurisdiction of the prelates or other ecclesiastical dignitaries bearing rule in the Churches of the East, but to show them due reverence and honor, and to be ready on all occasions, and by all the means in his power, to promote a mutual interchange of respect, courtesy, and kindness, &c. &c."

Happily, about this time there was a change of government in England, and some check put upon M. Bunsen's zeal in this ingenious crusade against the Holy Catholic Church in the East. Matters were transferred into the hands of a temperate and thoughtful minister of foreign affairs, and instead of further negotiation with the Porte in these religious matters being conducted in an unreasonable

and imperious tone, they assumed, as we find in the correspondence, a much more Christian and persuasive spirit.

Lord Ponsonby, however, in (extract) Letter No. 7, adopts strong language to Rifaat Pacha. His excellency might have rested his claim to build a church at Jerusalem, as a privilege granted to us in the 18th article of Sultan Mehemed's capitulation, had the wholesale proselytizing scheme contemplated by Lord Palmerston and the Chevalier Bunsen not been submitted to the Pacha by the Prussian envoy. The article of the capitulation quoted contemplates nothing of the kind, and has reference only to privileges accorded to Franks residing in the country, and not to Rayahs. It is not because France and Russia have interfered with the internal affairs of Christian Rayahs that a claim is therefore established for our doing so. Sound policy should lead us rather to protest against such aggression in others, and to support the Turkish government in resisting it, instead of ourselves following a bad example, and strengthening the pretext of others to persist in a course full of inconvenience and injustice.

Not only did Bishop Alexander proceed to Jerusalem under the strongest injunctions not to interfere in the affairs of the Christians, amongst whom he was going to reside, but it is generally known, as indeed it appears from the tone of Lord Aberdeen's despatches to his subordinates in Turkey, that our government gave precise assurances to other European powers interested in Turkey, that the Christian Rayahs should not be interfered with, nor proselytizing encouraged by any of her majesty's servants. At the same time every just effort was made in the proper quarter to induce the Porte to sanction the building of an English church in Jerusalem. The following quotation from a "memorandum" of Sir Stratford Canning's to Rifaat Pacha will show the temperate zeal and good judgment displayed at this time in urging our claims to a just recognition of our right to erect in Jerusalem a suitable building in which British subjects might assemble for public worship:—

"The absence of Protestant sectarians among the Rayahs of the Porte, and the well-known principles of Great Britain, which prevent her from meddling with the religious belief of others, are of themselves sufficient proofs of the unobtrusive character of this building. If under this aspect any words were necessary, these circumstances alone, united with the candid explanation above given, would render them still less so.

"The British government has at all times and on all occasions endeavored to afford the Sublime Porte proofs of the sincerity and the uprightness of her intentions, and, acting always on the same principle, she does not now hesitate to ask with confidence what is important to her as connected with sacred associations, and what is neither against the laws, nor prejudicial to the interests of a friendly power."

It will be observed, from the foregoing extract, that Sir S. Canning, in January, 1844, confirms what Rifaat Pacha stated to the Prussian envoy in September, 1841; the former says:—"the absence of Protestant sectarians among the Rayahs of the Porte," the latter, "as yet there were no Protestant Rayahs." Whether Sir Stratford's assurance as to "the well-known principles of Great Britain, which prevent her from meddling with the religious belief of others," and whether the "proofs of the

sincerity and uprightness of her (Great Britain's) intentions, and acting always on the same principle," are very apparent in the sequel of this correspondence, must be left for each reader himself to decide. I can only say, for my part, that I look for no very happy result to such proceedings.

The diplomatic caution observed in Rifaat Pacha's answer to Sir S. Canning's memorandum, as reported in his excellency's next despatch, (No. 21.) is not surprising, when we consider what was at this very time going forward at Hasbeya, in Mount Lebanon, for, in turning over the leaf of the "Correspondence," we find a despatch from Mr. Consul Wood, of Damascus, to Lord Aberdeen, covering a long extract of a despatch, with enclosures to Sir Stratford Canning, in which Mr. Wood reports the fact and circumstances of "one hundred and fifty Greeks having recently seceded from their faith in behalf of the English Church."

Mr. Wood is a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Great pains are taken by him to impress upon Lord Aberdeen and the ambassador at Constantinople that he has had no connection with this secession, and that he had disclaimed any pretension to protect the dissidents, though it seems he is memorialized by them, and addressed a long and eccentric lecture to Ali Pacha on the subject, repudiating on behalf of "British subjects and servants" any connection with the matter which the "public voice," to which he seems highly sensitive, attributes to their agency.

And really, that the "public voice" should do so is scarcely to be wondered at, when we find Dr. Van Dyke and the Rev. E. Smith, American missionaries, appealing to Mr. British Consul Wood for his aid, and evidently from the extract from Mr. Smith's letter, obtaining it. For though the American missionaries have their own consul at Beirut, the Rev. Mr. Smith writes as follows to Mr. Wood (page 21):—"The interest you have expressed in the religious affairs of Hasbeya, and the important aid you have rendered to the cause of religious liberty, have emboldened me to bring the subject once more before you." It is, I am aware, very difficult to get to the bottom of Levantine intrigues, but certainly the "public voice" is in this case somewhat justified by the great interest taken by Mr. Wood in the matter, and the grateful sentiments expressed by Mr. Smith for his kind and very active coöperation.

As the difficulties increase, the American missionaries, having little faith (it would seem) in their own consular authorities, address themselves to the English Consul-General at Beirut—who takes the matter up on the score of "humanity," and supports Mr. Consul Wood. In answer, however, to the consul-general's representation of his own proceedings, Lord Aberdeen writes as follows:—"On the subject of the protection which, in consequence of the appeal made to you on the part of the American missionary, Mr. Smith, you had thought it right to afford to the Protestant converts from the Greek faith in the Hasbeya and adjoining districts, I have to inform you that her majesty's government perfectly approve of your affording general and efficient protection to all Christians in Turkey who may appeal to you against the oppression of the Mussulman authorities of the Porte. But, in admitting the propriety of acting upon this general principle, her majesty's government particularly desire that all her majesty's agents should observe the utmost discretion both with regard to carrying interference with the Mahommedan faith beyond

due bounds, and to appearing to give official support to those efforts which American and other missionaries are now making in the Ottoman territories to draw off the votaries of other Christian sects to Protestantism.

"Abstractedly, her majesty's government would naturally desire to see the tenets of the Anglican church embraced by persons of all faiths, whether Mahomedan, Greek, or other; but it would be highly injudicious and improper, and not a little hazardous for the peace of the world, were her majesty's government to govern their own actions, or to permit British official agents to govern theirs, by this principle. Such a mode of proceeding could scarcely fail to excite the active hostility of all other religions and sects.

"You will, therefore, carefully abstain from any act which might be construed into giving support or countenance to the conversions from the Greek faith to Protestantism, which foreign missionaries in Turkey are now laboring with injudicious zeal to effect; but you will, at the same time, not relax your exertions, whenever they can be properly employed, in protecting Christians from Mahomedan persecution."

Lord Aberdeen sent a copy of the foregoing to Sir S. Canning, and gave similar instructions to Mr. Consul Wood, at Damascus, who in his treatment of the matter, appears to observe no distinction between the "English Church" and the proceedings of the American missionaries who represent various forms of dissent among their own countrymen, and have no connection whatever with the "English Church." As a Roman Catholic, it was not to be looked for that Mr. Wood should feel much sympathy for the Greek and Anglican Churches, and it was very natural that he should class all professing independence of his own community as belonging to one general and confused mass of schismatics, or "Protestants," or whatever other term they may be pleased to designate themselves by.

The Russian government, it seems, had taken up the matter in behalf of the Greek Church, and been complaining to Lord Aberdeen of the interference of his agents in Syria in behalf of the American and other missionaries.

Consul-General Rose, however, in his reply to Lord Aberdeen, takes pains to assure his lordship that "Bishop Alexander had refused to enter into any communication with the dissidents, when they expressed a wish to become converts to his church;" and that "no British subject was concerned in the conversions at Hasbeya."

But, sir, ought it to surprise us that the Russian government should exert itself to protect the Greek Church in Syria from Protestant aggression? and is it not natural, looking at the extent to which British consuls had become identified with the American missionaries, especially in the matter of Hasbeya, that it should appeal to our government at home, as we find by Lord Aberdeen's despatch (No. 33) it was doing, to restrain the English authorities in Syria from taking part in the conversion of members of the Greek Church to the Protestant faith, as though they were actually engaged in promoting such conversions? Several months afterwards Lord Aberdeen found it necessary, in the following words, *again* to instruct Mr. Consul Wood to abstain from lending his office to these religious dissensions among the Christians of his districts, with whom he was in no wise connected, either officially or by sympathy. His lord-

ship writes:—"I have to repeat my injunction that you abstain for the future from all interference whatever in questions connected with the operations of any missionary societies for the conversion to any form of worship of the inhabitants of the districts in which you reside."

During these religious disputes in the north of Syria, we find the Turkish authorities suspending the building of the Anglican Church at Jerusalem. Nor can we be surprised at this either; for no doubt the minds of the Russian and Turkish authorities in Syria connected the whole movement—the appointment of Bishop Alexander, the building of the church at Jerusalem, and the activity of the American missionaries at Hasbeya—as a combined Anglo-Prussian Protestant aggression on the ancient churches of the country, which Russia has certainly a great deal more right to defend than England and Prussia can have to invade.

But, sir, to conclude this long letter, I may call attention to the policy of Lord Palmerston and M. Bunsen having succeeded just so far as to develop some of the real difficulties which their policy involves. An "Anglo-Prussian bishopric" has been established at Jerusalem, an "Anglican church" has been built there, and a "Rayah Protestant community" has been set up and legally recognized by the Turkish government, composed, it is said, of about 1,000 (?) converts from other religious denominations throughout the country. How this new religious machinery is to be governed the deponent sayeth not; Turkey, England, Prussia, the American missionaries, and the converts themselves, have all an interest in the matter, and Russia and the Catholic powers have an interest out of the matter, to see that the New Protestant community and its patrons injure no one but themselves.

Viscount Palmerston proposes very summarily to cut the Gordian knot by modestly submitting to the Turkish government that "the bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland in Jerusalem might be considered to be their religious chief or patriarch" (perhaps a kind of Foreign-Office chaplain). To this, however, Mr. Wellesley answers, "The Turkish ministers would never allow any but a Turkish subject to possess the power and authority that the head of a church must ever enjoy;" and if the Anglican bishop at Jerusalem be indeed a "bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland," and not a mere politico-religious toy of a certain party here and in Prussia, members of the Church of England at home would like to be consulted before he is required to embrace in his episcopal arms any Jew, Turk, infidel or schismatic whom the American missionaries and their coadjutors may, upon their own terms, pronounce to be a "Protestant," and a worthy member of the Anglican church, notwithstanding that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London rejoice in the issue related in this correspondence.

Have English churchmen any part or lot in this matter? If so, what is their duty? Passively to abstain from all remonstrance or interference, or publicly to protest against their church being committed to a course of action the very opposite to that to which she was most solemnly pledged by the late Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London in their letter commendatory to the bishops of the Eastern church, when Bishop Alexander was consecrated and went first to his post?

Your obedient servant,

A TRAVELLER.

[From Mr. E. G. Squier's highly interesting work on Central America, soon to be published by G. P. Putnam, New York.]

I HAD heard much in Leon of ancient monuments in the vicinity of Managua, and particularly of an ancient Indian temple cut in the solid rock, on the shore of a small lake, amongst the hills, back of the city. I now learned that the lake was called Nihapa, and that upon the rocks which surrounded it were many figures, executed in red paint, concerning the origin of which nothing was known, but which were reported to be very ancient, "hechando antes la Conquista," made before the Conquest. The next morning, having meanwhile procured a guide, we started for this lake. The path, for a league, led through a beautiful level country, magnificently wooded, and relieved by open cultivated spaces, which were the *hattos* and *huertas* of the inhabitants of Managua. Nearly every one of these had a small cane hut, picturesquely situated amidst a group of palms or fruit trees in its centre, reached by broad paths beneath archways of plantains. Here the owners reside when weary of the town. We overtook hundreds of Indian laborers, with a tortilla and a bit of cheese in a little net-work bag thrown over one shoulder, pantaloons tucked up to the thighs, and carrying in the right hand, or resting in the hollow of the left arm, the eternal *machete*, the constant companion of every *mozo*, which he uses as an axe to clear the forest, a spade to dig the earth, a knife wherewith to divide his meat, and a weapon in case of attack. Passing the level country adjacent to the city, we came to the base of the hills which intervene between the lake and the sea. Here, at every step, traces of volcanic action met our view, and the path became rough and crooked, winding amongst disrupted rocks, and over broad beds of lava. The latter extended down the side of the ridge, showing that anciently there had existed a crater somewhere above us, now concealed by the heavy forest. The eruptions, however, must have taken place many centuries ago, for the lava was disintegrated at the surface, and afforded a luxuriant foothold for vines, bushes, and trees. For this reason, although we knew that we had attained an elevated position, we found it impossible to see beyond the evergreen arches which bent above us, and which the rays of the sun failed to penetrate. The ascent was steep, and our progress slow—so slow that a troop of indignant monkeys, swinging from branch to branch, grimaicing, and threatening vehemently, was able to keep pace with us. We fired our pistols at them, and worked up their feelings to a pitch of excitement and rage, humiliatingly like the ebullitions of humanity. These amusing denizens of the forest, I have frequently observed, seem annoyed by the presence of white men, and will fret and chatter at their approach, while the brown natives of the country may pass and repass, if not without attracting their notice, at least without provoking their anger.

At the distance of about two leagues and a half from Managua, we reached what appeared to be a broad, broken table-land, the summit of the division range intervening between the lake and ocean. We had not proceeded far, before we discovered a high conical peak, made up of scoriae and ashes, and bare of trees, which had evidently been formed by the matter thrown out from some neighboring volcanic vent. Here our guide turned aside at right angles to our path, and clearing the way

with his machete, in a few minutes led us to the edge of the ancient crater. It was an immense orifice, fully half a mile across, with precipitous walls of black and riven rocks; at the bottom, motionless and yellow, like a plate of burnished brass, was the lake of Nihapa. The wall of the crater, upon the side where we stood, was higher than at any other point, and the brain almost reeled in looking over its ragged edge, down upon the Acheronian gulf below. Upon the other side, the guide assured us there was a path to the water, and there too were the rock temple, and "los piedras pintadas." So we fell back into our path again, and skirting along the base of the cone of scoriae to which I have referred, after a brisk ride of twenty minutes, came suddenly, and to our surprise, upon a collection of huts pertaining to a cattle estate. Here burst upon our sight an almost boundless view of mountain, lake, and forest. Behind us towered the cone of scoriae, covered with a soft green mantle of grass. Upon one side yawned the extinct crater with its waveless lake; upon the other were ridges of lava, and ragged piles of trachytic rock, like masses of iron; while in front, in the foreground, stood the picturesque cane huts of the *vaqueros*, clustered round with tall palms and the broad, translucent leaves of the plantain. But beyond all—beyond the mountain slopes and billowy hills, shrouded with never-fading forests, among which, like fleecy clouds of white and crimson reflected in a sea of green, rose the tops of flowering trees—beyond these, flashing back the light of the morning sun from its bosom, spread out the Lake of Managua, with its fairy islets and distant, dreamy shores!

We left our horses at the huts, and followed a broad, well-beaten path which led to the point where the walls of the extinct crater are lowest. Here we found a narrow path between the rocks, barely wide enough to admit a horse to pass. It had in part been formed by art, probably before the Conquest, when, according to the early chroniclers, even these hills were thronged by a happy and industrious people. The descent for a few hundred feet was very steep, between high walls; it then turned short, and ran along the face of the cliff, where fallen masses of rock afforded a foot-hold, and clinging trees curtained with vines concealed yawning depths and perilous steepes, which would otherwise have dizzied the head of the adventurous traveller. Near the bottom the path widened, and at the water's edge we reached a kind of platform, edged with stones, where the cattle from the haciendas came down to drink, and whence the *vaqueros* of the huts obtained water for their own use. Here a few trees found root, affording a welcome shelter from the rays of the sun; for the breezes which fan the hill-sides never reach the surface of this almost buried lake.

The walls of the ancient crater were everywhere precipitous, and at the lowest point probably not less than five hundred feet in height. Except at the precise spot where we stood, the lake washed the cliffs, which went down, sheer down, to unknown depths. We looked up, and the clouds as they swept over seemed to touch the trees which fringed the lofty edges of the precipice, over which the vines hung in green festoons.

Upon the vertical face of the cliff were painted, in bright red, a great variety of figures. These were the "piedras pintadas" of which we had heard. Unfortunately, however, long exposure had obliterated nearly all of the paintings; but most conspicuous amongst those still retaining their out-

lines perfect, or nearly so, was one which, to me, had peculiar interest and significance. Upon the most prominent part of the cliff, some thirty or forty feet above our heads, was painted the figure of a coiled, plumed, or feathered serpent, called by the Indians "el Sol," the Sun. Amongst the semi-civilized nations of America, from Mexico southward, as also amongst many nations of the Old World, the serpent was a prominent religious symbol, beneath which was concealed the profoundest significance. Under many of its aspects it coincided with the sun, or was the symbol of the Supreme Divinity of the heathens, of which the sun was one of the most obvious emblems. In the instance of the painting before us, the plumed, sacred serpent of the aborigines was artfully depicted so as to combine both symbols in one. The figure was about three feet in diameter. Above it, and amongst some confused lines of partially obliterated paintings, was the figure of a human hand—the red hand which haunted Mr. Stephens during all of his explorations amongst the monuments of Yucatan—where it was the symbol of the divinity Kab-ul, the Author of Life, and God of the Working Hand.

Upon some rocks a little to the right of the cliff, upon which is this representation of the serpent, there were formerly large paintings of the sun and moon together, as our guide said, "con muchos geroglíficos," with many hieroglyphics. But the section upon which they were painted was thrown down during the great earthquake of 1838. Parts of the figures can yet be traced upon some of the fallen fragments. Besides these figures, there were traces of hundreds of others, which, however, could not be satisfactorily made out. Some, we could discover, had been of regular outline, and, from their relative positions, I came to the conclusion that a certain degree of dependence had existed between them. One in particular attracted my attention, not less from its regularity than from the likeness which it sustains to certain figures in the painted historical and ritual MSS. of Mexico.

Upon various detached rocks, lying next to the water, beneath trailing vines, or but half revealed above fallen debris and vegetable accumulations, we discovered numerous other outline figures, some exceedingly rude, representing men and animals, together with many impressions of the human hand.

By carefully poising myself on the very edge of the narrow shelf or shore, I could discover, beyond an advanced column of rock, the entrance to the so-called rock temple of the ancient Indians. I saw at once that it was nothing more than a natural niche in the cliff; but yet to settle the matter conclusively, I stripped, and, not without some repugnance, swam out in the sulphurous lake, and around the intervening rocks, to the front of the opening. It was, as I had supposed, a natural niche, about thirty feet high, and ten or fifteen feet deep; and, seen from the opposite cliff, no doubt appeared to the superstitious Indians like the portal of a temple. The paintings of which they had spoken were only discolorations produced by the fires which had once flamed up from the abyss where now slumbered the opposing element. Our guide told us that there were many other paintings on the cliffs, which could only be reached by means of a raft or boat. The next day M. returned with a canoe from Managua; it was got down with great difficulty, but he discovered nothing new or interesting.

We were told that there were alligators in this lake, but we saw none, and still remain sceptical upon that point, notwithstanding the positive asser-

tions of the vaqueros. That it abounded in fish, however, we could not fail to discover, for they swarmed along the edge of the water, and at the foot of the cliffs. This lake was, no doubt, anciently held in high veneration by the Indians; it is still regarded with a degree of superstitious fear by their descendants. Our guide told us of evil demons who dwelt within its depths, and who vengefully dragged down the swimmers who ventured out upon its gloomy waters. It was easy to imagine that here the aboriginal devotees had made sacrifices to their mountain gods, the divinities who presided over the internal fires of the earth, or ruled the waters. This half-buried lake, with no perceptible opening, situated amidst once melted rocks, on the summit of a mountain, with all of its accessories of dread and mystery, was well calculated to rouse the superstitious fears and secure the awe of a people distinguished above all others for a gloomy fancy, which invested nearly all of its creations with features of terror and severity—creations whose first attributes were vengeance, and whose most acceptable sacrifices were palpitating hearts, torn from the breasts of human victims.

It was past noon before we had finished our investigations at the lake, and we returned to the huts of the vaqueros weary, hot, and hungry. The women—blessed hearts the world over—swung hammocks for us in the shade, and we laid down in luxurious enjoyment of the magnificent view, while they ground the parched corn for the always welcome cup of *tiste*. And although, when we came to leave, they charged us full ten times as much for it as they would have required of their own countrymen, yet they had displayed so much alacrity in attending to our wants that we sealed the payment with as hearty a "mil gracias," as if it had been a free offering.

Our guide took us back by a new path, in order to show us what he called the Salt Lake. It was not an extinct crater, like that of Nihapa, but one of those singular, funnel-shaped depressions, so frequent in volcanic countries, and which seem to have been caused by the sinking of the earth. It was a gloomy-looking place, with a greenish yellow pool at the bottom, the water of which, our guide said, was salt and bitter. The sides were steep, and covered with tangled vines and bushes, and we did not attempt to descend.

There are other lakes, with musical Indian names in the vicinity of Managua, which closely resemble that of Nihapa, and owe their origin to similar causes. One of these occurs within a mile of the town, and is a favorite resort for the "lavadoras," or wash-women. It is reached by numerous paths, some broad and bordered with cactus hedges, and others winding through green coverts, where the stranger often comes suddenly upon the startled Indian girl, whose unshod feet have worn the hard earth smooth, and whose hands have trained the vines into festooned arches above his head. There is but one descent to this lake; which, in the course of ages, has been made broad and comparatively easy. The shore is lined with large trees of magnificent foliage, beneath the shadows of which the "lavadoras" carry on their pever-ending operations. The water is cool and limpid; and the lake itself resembles some immense fountain, where bright streams might have their birth rather than a fathomless, volcanic lake. So well has nature concealed beneath a robe of trees, and vines, and flowers, the evidences of ancient convulsions, rocks riven by earthquakes, or melted by fires from the incandescent depths of the earth.

SHORT-SKIRT-OPATHY.

TAKE a pretty girl,
 The prettier the better,
 Give her nought to read
 But novel and love-letter ;
 Let her go to plays,
 Circuses and dances,
 Fill her heart with love,
 Murder and Romances.
 Furnish her with beaux
 Too numerous to mention,
 Send her to attend
 Each "Woman's Rights" Convention,

Humor her to death
 Whene'er she has the vapors,
 Verses let her write
 For magazines and papers.
 Tell her of her charms
 On every occasion,
 Make her "talents" rare
 The theme of conversation,
 Let "affairs of state"
 And politics be taught her—
 She'll wear "short skirts and pants,"
 Or at least, she "orter."

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART X.

THE Reptile-house in the garden of the Zoological Society in London has proved to be of no small attraction. I remember when the unhappy carnivora were doomed to live therein, breathing their own impurities, and dragging on a miserable existence as long as their constitutions enabled them to bear up against the miasmata that embittered their shortened, incarcerated lives. In vain was every argument enforced against the continuation of this condemned cell for carnivorous captives. For a long time the answer to all remonstrances was after the reply of those who still, in their despair, cling to the Smithfield abomination. The place was provided for the animals, and they must bear it as they could—no matter what the cost, or the suffering, or the intolerable nuisance to all who were blest or cursed with noses. At last, the zoological John Bull was roused. Like his political brother, he showed his capacity for bearing a great deal, and was treated accordingly by those who did not know the nature of the being with whom they had to reckon. The zoological bull gave signs of kicking, and then it was very wisely considered that there was something in his remonstrance, and a new den for the carnivorous quadrupeds was built, where they breathe the free air of heaven, and live long and comparatively happy accordingly, notwithstanding the cantankerous London clay, so fatal to the race. Their old roofed dens, every one of which looked into a close room, odoriferous with ammonia and all the rest of it, to an intensity not to be described, were appropriated to the reptiles whose lower organization and aptitude for heat, combined with the comparative absence of anything that could taint the air, offered no similar offence to the senses, while the lives of the animals themselves were not placed in jeopardy; and so, notwithstanding the croakings and forebodings, this reptile-house has become one of the most popular exhibitions of that most popular vivarium. At the risk of being thought somewhat presumptuous, I beg to recommend this instance to the consideration of those whose higher destinies are

interwoven with zoological John's political brother. The latter, like the former, is, as we have already hinted, long suffering; but when he becomes restive in earnest, it is time to look out and take warning, or, depend upon it, he will toss and gore several persons.

The first remark made by an accurate observer, on looking around the apartment now dedicated to the *reptilia*, will, probably, refer to the fixed attitude in which they remain. There they stand or lie, motionless as statues. Here and there a snake may occasionally be seen to creep or raise itself, and a lizard to change its position, but, generally speaking, especially in the broad day, they are perfectly still; and there are times when not one is in motion behind the glass cases in which they are confined. At such periods, those may be excused who have taken the whole of the reptiles in this room for stuffed specimens. The inhabitants of that Oriental city who figure so awfully in the Arabian tale, turned into stone for their crimes, with the exception of the lonely one whose voice is heard reading the Koran in the midst of the petrified sinners, could not have looked more lifeless.

Why is this?

Because all predatory reptiles, especially snakes and lizards, take their prey by surprise; and, added to this motionless habit, the animal's haunt, when on the lookout for prey, coincides generally so harmoniously with its color, that the bird or insect fearlessly approaches and is caught. Place, as a familiar example, a toad in a melon-bed—a plan frequently adopted if the bed be infested with emmets. These insects approach the motionless toad, whose hue corresponds with the color of the earth of the bed, without suspicion, and are taken by the tongue of the reptile with a motion too quick for the eye to follow. All that can be seen is the approach of the emmet within a certain distance—within, in fact, tongue-shot, and its there vanishing. The mechanism of this apparatus, by means of which the toad takes its prey, will be noticed hereafter.

Throughout the animal creation, the adaptation

of the color of the creature to its haunts is worthy of admiration, as tending to its preservation. The colors of insects, and of a multitude of the smaller animals, contribute to their concealment. Caterpillars which feed on leaves are generally either green, or have a large proportion of that hue in the color of their coats. As long as they remain still, how difficult it is to distinguish a grasshopper or young locust from the herbage or leaf on which it rests. The butterflies that flit about among flowers are colored like them. The small birds which frequent hedges have backs of a greenish or brownish green hue, and their bellies are generally whitish, or light colored, so as to harmonize with the sky. Thus they become less visible to the hawk or cat that passes above or below them. The wayfarer across the fields almost treads upon the skylark before he sees it rise warbling to heaven's gate. The goldfinch or thistlefinch passes much of its time among flowers, and is vividly colored accordingly. The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the fallow or stubble upon or among which it crouches, and it is considered an accomplishment among sportsmen to have a good eye for finding a hare sitting. In northern countries the winter dress of the hares and ptarmigans is white, to prevent detection among the snows of those inclement regions.

If we turn to the waters, the same design is evident. Frogs even vary their color according to that of the mud or sand that forms the bottom of the ponds or streams which they frequent—nay, the tree-frog (*Hyla viridis*) takes its specific name from the color, which renders it so difficult to see it among the leaves, where it adheres by the cupping-glass-like processes at the end of its toes. It is the same with fish, especially those which inhabit the fresh waters. Their backs, with the exception of gold and silver fish, and a few others, are comparatively dark; and some practice is required before they are satisfactorily made out, as they come like shadows and so depart under the eye of the spectator. A little boy once called out to a friend to "come and see, for the bottom of the brook was moving along." The friend came, and saw that a thick shoal of gudgeons, and roach, and dace, was passing. It is difficult to detect the "ravenous lucc," as old Izaak calls the pike, with its dark green and mottled back and sides, from the similarly tinted weeds among which the fresh-water shark lies at the watch, as motionless as they. Even when a tearing old trout, a six or seven-pounder, sails, in his wantonness, leisurely up stream, with his back-fin partly above the surface, on the look-out for a fly, few, except a well-entered fisherman, can tell what shadowy form it is that ripples the wimpling water. But the bellies of fish are white, or nearly so; thus imitating in a degree the color of the sky, to deceive the otter, which generally takes its prey from below, swimming under the intended victim. Nor is this design less manifest in the color and appearance of some of the larger

terrestrial animals; for the same principle seems to be kept in view, whether regard be had to the smallest insects or the quadrupedal giants of the land.

I have often traced (writes an excellent observer) a remarkable resemblance between the animal and the general appearance of the locality in which it is found. This I first remarked at an early period of my life, when entomology occupied a part of my attention. No person following this interesting pursuit can fail to observe the extraordinary likeness which insects bear to the various abodes in which they are met with. Thus among the long green grass we find a variety of long green insects, whose legs and antennæ so resemble the shoots emanating from the stalks of the grass, that it requires a practised eye to distinguish them. Throughout sandy districts, varieties of insects are met with of a color similar to the sand which they inhabit. Among the green leaves of the various trees of the forest innumerable leaf-colored insects are to be found; while, closely adhering to the rough, gray bark of these forest-trees, we observe beautifully-colored, gray-looking moths, of various patterns, yet altogether so resembling the bark as to be invisible to the passing observer. In like manner, among quadrupeds, I have traced a considerable analogy; for, even in the case of the stupendous elephant, the ashy color of his hide so corresponds with the general appearance of the gray thorny jungles which he frequents throughout the day, that a person unaccustomed to hunting elephants, standing on a commanding situation, might look down upon a herd and fail to detect their presence. And further, in the case of the giraffe, which is invariably met with among venerable forests, where innumerable blasted and weatherbeaten trunks and stems occur, I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of a troop of them, until I had recourse to my spy-glass; and, on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail—at one time mistaking their dilapidated trunks for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with those aged veterans of the forest.*

The Wizard of the North, who had a keen eye for the harmonies of Nature—and what poet, who is fond of field-sports, has not?—frequently manifests the results of his observation on animals and their haunts in his immortalities, whether of verse or prose.

So far was heard the mighty knell
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

When a stag lies with his neck stretched out and his horns lying backward in such a lair, or among other low cover, none but a very experienced stalker is likely to detect him.

I remember, one very hard winter, passing more than once, in beating over a fallow field, what I at first took for a clod, but which proved to be a partridge frozen to death. As for the young of many birds who make their nests on the ground,

* *A Hunter's Life in South Africa.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq.

their colors so closely resemble the localities in which they are found, that they are hardly to be observed by any but a very keen eye. Thus White, writing of the stone-curlew, (*Charadrius ædicinemus*), remarks, that the bird lays its eggs—usually two, never more than three—on the bare ground, without any protection, so that the countryman in stirring his fallows often destroys them.

The young (he adds) run immediately from the egg like partridges, &c.; and are withdrawn to some flinty field by the dam, where they skulk among the stones, which are their best security; for their feathers are so exactly of the color of our gray-spotted flints, that the most exact observer, unless he catches the eye of the young bird, may be eluded.*

The similarity of color to that of their haunts, combined with the motionless habit above alluded to, serves, then, in the case of the reptiles, the double purpose of concealment for safety and lying in wait for prey, so as to give the victim the least possible warning. Few can see the snake in the grass, and the frogs on which it dines least of all. The sportsman treads on the viper, coiled up on a bright windy day at the edge of the copse, before he is aware of the presence of the reptile; and so does his dog, unless he is shooting with a pointer, which, if he have a good nose and the wind, will infallibly stand as stiff as a crutch, and as if he had a whole covey before him.

The ink that traced the last sentence on the paper was hardly dry when in came a friend, who related that two of his dogs, pointers, had been bitten by a viper, that lay coiled up in the grass by the banks of a canal near the house in which I write. The serpent struck twice, and each time bit the dog attacked on the lip. The dog first struck—a very fine pointer, with a dash of the bloodhound in him—staggered, was frightfully swollen, and his system so much affected that fears were entertained for his life. Copious doses of oil, and embrocations of the same with laudanum, however, effected the cure. The mother of this dog received the second bite, but in her case the symptoms were much mitigated; there was no staggering, and, as is usual in such cases, the virus must have been much diminished before the second wound was given. The viper, on this occasion, corroborated the statements of those who lay it down as an axiom that the true vipers, unlike other venomous serpents—the cobra, for instance—do not quit the scene of action after their murderous attacks. There it remained, and the master of the dogs took up a great stone and cast it upon the viper, without, however, crippling it, owing, probably, to some inequality in the surface of the ground whereon it rested. Then, but not till then, it made off. The owner of the dogs told me, that when they were bitten they uttered no cry. In general, they howl piteously when they feel the bite.

* Selborne. Letter XVI.

In this case we have again an instance of the virtues of oil, insisted on in a former chapter. Cato's remedy was not so simple, for he says, (c. 102,) that if a serpent has stung an ox or any other quadruped, one must pound an *acetabulum* of *melanthion*, called by the physicians *melanthion* of Smyrna, in an *hemina* of old wine, pour it into the nostrils of the beast, and lay hogs' dung to the wound. Nor is the savory remedy applicable to the restoration of brutes only, according to his experience; for he confidently directs the same remedy to be applied to a human creature, if occasion require it. One may conceive the sort of reward reaped by the *hubulcus* by whose neglect the ox was exposed to the venomous bite, when the former was subjected to the tender mercies of the *ergastularius* in the prison* of the villa, under a dispensation which placed the life of the slave absolutely at the disposal of his master.

In that part of *The Way to get Wealth*† intitled "The English House-wife," dedicated to "The Right Honorable and most excellent Lady, Francis, Countesse Dowager of Exeter," with the running title of "The English House-wives Household Physick," we find a different formula set forth:—

To help all manner of swelling or aches in what part of the body soever it be, or stinging of any venomous beast, as Adder, Snake, or such-like, take Horehound, Smallege, Porrets, smal Mallows, and wild Tansey of each alike quantity, and bruise them or cut them small; then seeth them altogether in a pan with milk, oatmeal, and as much Sheeps suet, or Deares suet as a Hens egge, and let it boyl till it be a thick plaister, then lay it upon a blew wollen cloth, and lay it to the grieve as hot as one can suffer it.

In the section of the same choice book headed "Country Contentments," we find it thus written:—

If your dogge have been bitten by either Snake, Adder or any other venomous thing, take the hearb Calamint, and beat it in a mortar with Turpentine and yellow Waxe, till it come to a Salve, and then apply it to the sore and it will heal it. Also if you boile the herb in milke, and give the dogge it to drink, it will expell all inward poison.

In the "Table of Hard Words," it is stated that "Calamint is an ordinary hearb, and groweth by ditches sides, by high waies, and sometimes in gardens."

For "The Generall Cure of all Cattell," we read in chapter 69, which treats "Of venomous wounds, as biting with a mad dogge, tusks of Bores, Serpents or such like," in the case of the horse, as follows:—

For any of these mortall or venomous wounds, take Yarrow, Calamint, and the grains of wheat, and beat them in a mortar with water of Sothernwood, and make it into a salve, and lay it to the sore, and it will heale it safely.

* *Ergastulum*, where the slaves were confined, bound or chained together, when they came from work, lest they should make their escape in the night.

† Small 4to. London, 1657.

But in the case of "The Oxe, Cow, etc."—

If your beast be bitten with a mad Dog, or any other venomous beast, you shall take Plaintain and beat it in a mortar with Bolearmoniacke, Sanguis Draconis, Barly meale, and the whites of Eggs, and playster-wise lay it to the sore, renewing it once in fourteen hours.

Most of these simple remedies—except in the case of the "mad dog"—were, doubtless, found efficacious in these fortunate islands, where the only venomous serpent is the viper and its varieties, and the harmless common snake throws its enamelled skin among those beautiful wild flowers, whose dewy blossoms bring back to the mind's eye the images of the dear ones now gone to receive their reward in heaven, who were wont to gaze lovingly with us upon those stars of the earth long, long ago.

But we must go back to our reptile-house, where the murderous cobra, the deadly cerastes, the fatal puff-adder,* and the lethal rattlesnakes remind us of the danger that lurks in paths made lovely by all the floral prodigality of warmer climates. There, too, are the giant forms of the boas and pythons, which, deprived of the stiletto of the smaller snakes, are recompensed with an herculean power of gripe that would make the ribs of an Antæus crack like pistol-shots, as they broke under the pressure of the mortal constriction.

Before we enter into a particular account of these forms let us inquire what a reptile is.

In common parlance the word would signify any creature that creeps; but, in the language of zoologists, it is used to designate those vertebrated animals, whether quadruped, biped, or footless, that are either oviparous or ovoviviparous, breathe by means of lungs for the most part, are destitute of hair and feathers, and are without mammae.

Their organization, although designed after the one great law which is manifested throughout the *vertebrata*, is more variously modified than that of any other class of that division of animals. If we examine the *mammalia* we find them formed after one leading type. From man to a marmoset, from a lion to a cat, from an elephant to a mouse, from a whale to the smallest cetacean that swims, the same plan of construction is manifested. Among the feathered race, from an eagle to a humming-bird, from a dinornis to an apteryx, we recognize an adherence to one settled principle of conformation. It is the same with fishes. But among the reptiles, a wide and extensive difference in the types or principles of structure must instantly strike the most superficial observer. A tortoise and a snake are both reptiles, zoologically speaking. Look at these animals alive, or examine their skeletons, and a glance shows you the wide difference of conformation displayed in the two forms. But without selecting types so obviously distant, we shall find similar discrepancies, external and internal, in this extensive class, and

that even among the more cognate reptilians. Take a crocodile, an ichthyosaurus, or a plesiosaurus, place it by the side of a chameleon, and you will soon see, even with an unpractised eye, how different their osseous systems are. The discrepancy will be heightened if you add the skeleton of a toad or a frog to the group.

If we descend to detail, the anomaly is still greater. A tortoise is toothless; a saurian (lizard)—take a crocodile, for example—is well furnished with implanted teeth. Both, however, are quadrupedal, both have a heart with two auricles, both lay eggs with a solid calcareous shell, and the young of both are hatched in the form which they retain through life without undergoing any metamorphosis. A serpent or ophidian is footless, but has a multitude of well-developed arched ribs. Those which are not ovoviviparous lay eggs with a soft though calcareous covering, but their young come into the world in the same shape as that borne by their parents. A frog or batrachian has no ribs, or is possessed of the rudiments of those bones only, and has a naked skin destitute of scales. The eggs are gelatinous, and laid in water. When the young are first hatched they differ from their parents, and are furnished with branchiæ or gills, which, except in the perennibranchiate batrachians—Proteus, Axolotl, and Siren, for example—drop off as the animal arrives at its ultimate form. The metamorphosis of the anurous batrachians—those which, in their perfect state, are tailless—may be observed every spring by watching the development of the eggs of the common frog, of which Swammerdam counted 1400 as the production of one female. The greenish albumen of these eggs does not coagulate easily, and the yolk or vitellus is absorbed by the embryo. In the first stage of its existence the tadpole, or *létard* as the French term it, has a somewhat elongated body, a tail compressed at the sides, and external gills. Its minute mouth is armed with small hooks or teeth, which it plies vigorously upon the aquatic vegetables which then form its food; and on the lower lip is a small tubular process, by means of which it adheres to the water-plants when taking its rest. In the next stage the external gills disappear, becoming covered by a membrane, and the tadpole then breathes like a fish. The head, provided with eyes and nostrils, has no neck, but is one with the now globular trunk, largely distended by the extensive digestive canal; and the large tail enables the animal to swim well and strongly. In a short time the hind legs show themselves near the setting on of the tail, and are soon developed. Then the anterior feet are protruded; and as the limbs advance, the tail gradually lessens and shortens, shrinking till it entirely disappears. The mouth now becomes wider and loses the horny, hook-like appendages, the head stands out more from the body, and the eyes are furnished with lids. The belly becomes more elongated, but is diminished in proportion to the size of the animal, and the intestines lose much of their

* *Crotto arietans*.

length. The true lungs begin to be formed; and, as they advance, the internal gills are gradually obliterated. Thus the whole circulation is altered, and the young frog quits the water, exchanging its entirely aquatic and herbivorous life for a carnivorous, and, for the most part, terrestrial existence. These metamorphoses, which rival those of the insects, may be seen on a grander scale in the *Rana paradoxa*.

The serpents have two auricles, but the batrachians have, strictly speaking, only one, but it is separated internally into two chambers.

One word more on the discrepancies of reptile organization, and we will cease to pursue an inquiry which would be followed out with more aptitude in a work more conversant with comparative anatomy than this can pretend to be; but the general reader, as well as the student, should keep those discrepancies steadily in view. The observations, however, shall be confined to the varying skeletons.

Take the cranium of a crocodile. A more solid, bony mass, you could hardly see. Now turn to that of a boa. The skull, you see, is made up of a considerable number of pieces, all admirably fitted and joined together, but with such an adaptation as easily to admit of separation. Why is this? The long head and widely extensive jaws of the crocodile enable it to secure and take into the stomach a comparatively large prey. But the serpent frequently has to master and swallow an animal utterly disproportioned to the usual gape of the mouth; the skull is, therefore, so framed as easily to admit of partial dislocation, so that it may aid the dilatation of the jaws and throat, and facilitate deglutition. The ribs in the frogs, as before observed, are almost null; in the serpents they are so lavishly developed and so freely articulated that they are used as organs of motion. In the tortoises they are implanted and incorporated with the rest of the carapace. The ribs of the serpent may be compared to the legs of a millipede situated internally, and operating externally principally by acting on the scutes of the belly on which it creeps. Some reptiles have not only a true breast-bone, but also an addition, which has been termed an abdominal sternum. This may be seen in the crocodiles, and seems to be produced by the ossification of the tendons of the recti muscles. But while some have two sterna, others have none at all. The chameleon, for instance, though the ribs are well formed, has no breast-bone. The tortoise, and the majority of saurians, are gifted with four sufficiently well-developed extremities. Chirotes and bipes have only two; the former an anterior pair, the latter a posterior pair, and those but poorly framed.

But though these and other great differences of organization are patent among the reptiles, every bone of every reptile is marked with such peculiarity of character as to indicate at once the class to which it belongs. A skilful comparative anatomist can never mistake such a bone for that of any other race of animals. Professor Owen and

other palæontologists have largely profited by their knowledge of this peculiarity, as appears from the great and admirable work on British fossil reptiles by the professor, now in the course of publication.*

From the great difference in the organization of this class, a great variety of motility was to be expected:

The motion of reptiles is as various as their structure, and exhibits a great diversity, particularly in the modes of progression. The slow march of the land tortoises, the paddling of the turtles, the swimming and walking of the crocodiles, the newts, and the protei, the agility of the lizards, the rapid serpentine advance of the snakes, the leaping of the frogs, offer a widely-extended scale of motion. If we add the vaulting of the dragons, and the flying of the pterodactyles, there is hardly any mode of animal progression which is not to be found among the reptiles.†

When we examine the different systems published by zoologists with reference to the reptiles, we find, with few exceptions, the first place assigned to the chelonians or tortoises; and, before we proceed to notice the other forms, let us rapidly survey this highly-interesting order.

The land-tortoises first claim attention.

28th July.—I went to see the great tortoise (*Testudo elephantopus*) presented by the queen to the Zoological Society of London, and arrived at the garden in the Regent's Park between nine and ten o'clock. The morning had been rainy, but the sun bravely struggled through the clouds which cleared away before his radiant presence, as the story-book has it, and I saw the venerable reptile in its paddock before the newly-erected hut built for its reception near the others' pond. It is the largest I ever beheld. The ancient seemed to be in a dreamy kind of doze, with its head tucked into its shell, which glittered—still moist with the rain that had fallen—in the sunbeams—a shell fit to make a lyre for Polypheus, if he had been inclined to try his hand when tired of the hundred reeds of decent growth that made a pipe for his capacious mouth. Though the weather had been very wet since its arrival a day or two previously, it did not seem to have availed itself of the shelter of its hut. Another comparatively small land-tortoise was also in the enclosure near a corner, but entirely exposed to the weather. One colossal anterior foot of the dozing giant rested on its sole; its fellow was carelessly lying on its side. The soles of both the hind feet were on the turf. I scratched the sole of the anterior foot, which was exposed, and then the head. The sleeper was awakened, and put forth its long, serpentine neck, opened one eye very deliberately, and then the other as lazily, gave a gasp or two, withdrew the head, and then again protruded it. Cabbages, lettuces, and vegetable marrows, the latter equaling in tempting appearance those which the mad

* *A History of British Fossil Reptiles*. By Richard Owen, F.R.S., &c. 4to. London: Printed for the Author.

† *Penny Cyclopædia*, vol. xix., p. 410.

gentleman placed upon the top of Mrs. Nickleby's wall, or projected into her garden, lay scattered in profusion around. In many of these the trenchant bill of the reptile had made incision; and, as they had forgotten to provide the royal guest with a napkin, fragments of the last meal remained hanging about its horny lips. Large as the creature is, one may easily conceive the disappointment of the spectator who first sees it at rest. When it is in motion, and the huge body is raised on the pillar-like legs, it is a much more striking object. Professor Owen had been summoned to Buckingham Palace to see it before its removal to the garden in the Regent's Park, by the gracious direction of her majesty, and, in the presence of Prince Albert, proceeded to take the dimensions of the girth of the animal. To do this more effectually, he bestrode the reposing mass. While thus employed, the tortoise, who probably

Never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more;

and walked off with the professor, to the great amusement of the prince, while the philosopher, as he rode along, calmly continued his measurement, which gave twelve feet as the circumference of this fine old Galapagosian. There appears to be good ground for believing that 175 summers and winters have passed over the head of this doughty devourer of vegetables; and there is no reason for coming to the conclusion that, if left undisturbed in its native wilds, it might not see as many more. The great fossil testudines of the Himalaya probably attained a much greater age; and when we consider the regularity of living, and the quiet habits of the tortoises, the enduring nature of their organization, and their great tenacity of life, we may be pardoned if we hint at the probability that, under favorable circumstances, vitality might endure

As of old for a thousand long years.

The tortoises have no teeth to lose, no irritable nervous system to wear out the durable animated materials encased in their impenetrable armor.

Dampier and Mr. Darwin saw these enormous reptiles in their native haunts on the islands of the Galapagos Archipelago. The former describes them as being so numerous, that 500 or 600 men might subsist on them for several months without any other provision; adding, that they are extraordinarily large and fat, and that no pullet is better eating. The latter, in his excellent *Journal*, notices their numbers as being very great, and states his belief that they are to be found in all the islands of the Archipelago. In his walk among the little craters which there abound, the glowing heat of the day, the rough surface of the ground, and the intricate thickets, produced great fatigue; but, with the true spirit of a naturalist, he says that he was well repaid by the Cyclopiian scene. He met two large tortoises, each of which must have weighed at least 200 pounds. One

was eating a piece of cactus; and when Mr. Darwin approached, it looked at him, and then quietly walked away; the other gave a deep hiss, and drew in his head. Those huge reptiles, surrounded by the black lava and large cacti, appeared to his fancy like some antediluvian animals. Mr. Darwin was informed by Mr. Lawson, an Englishman, who, at the time of his visit, had charge of the colony, that he had seen several so large that it required six or eight men to lift them from the ground, and that some had yielded as much as 200 pounds of meat. The old males, readily distinguished by the greater length of their tails—for that appendage is always longer in the male than in the female—are the largest, the females rarely growing to so great a size. They prefer the high, damp parts of the islands, but also inhabit the lower and arid districts. Those that live in the islands where there is no water, or in the arid parts of the others, feed chiefly on the cactus, whose succulent nature compensates for the want of liquid. But those which frequent the higher and moist regions, revel in a diet of the leaves of various trees, a kind of acid, austere berry, called guayavita; and a pale green filamentous lichen, hanging in tresses from the boughs of trees. It must not, however, be concluded that these tortoises do not care about water; for Mr. Darwin tells us that they are very fond of it, drinking large quantities when they can get it, and wallowing in the mud when they find it. The larger islands alone, it appears, possess springs, which are always situated towards the central parts, and at a considerable elevation. The tortoises which frequent the lower districts are therefore obliged, when thirsty, to travel from a long distance. Broad and well-beaten paths, the result of these travels, radiate off in every direction from the wells, even down to the seacoast. This was not lost upon the Spaniards, who followed them up, and so discovered the watering-places. When Mr. Darwin landed at Chatham Island he could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle, he observes, to behold many of these great monsters, one set eagerly travelling onwards, with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. He remarked that, when the tortoise arrives at the spring, it buries its head in the water above the eyes, quite regardless of any spectator, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. According to Mr. Darwin, the inhabitants say that each visitor stays three or four days in the neighborhood of the water, and then returns to the lower country; but they differed in their accounts respecting the frequency of those visits. Mr. Darwin thinks that the animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food which it has consumed; but he observes that it is certain that tortoises can subsist, even on those islands, where there is no other water than what falls during a few rainy days in the year. The rate of

travelling in the visits to the springs, or when going to any definite point, is said by those who have come to their conclusion from observations on marked individuals, to be about eight miles in two or three days, and they continue to move onwards both by night and by day. Mr. Darwin watched one large tortoise, and found that it walked at the rate of sixty yards in ten minutes; that is, 360 in the hour, or four miles a-day, allowing a little time for it to eat on the road.

The love-pranks of the male are continued with a deliberation worthy of a creature whose motions in excavating the earth for hybernation are so ridiculously slow, that White describes the movement of the legs, when so employed, as little exceeding that of the hour-hand of a clock. Mr. Darwin relates that when the Galapagos tortoise is *solus cum solâ* he utters a hoarse roar or bellowing, which can be heard at the distance of a hundred yards, and then is vocally silent for the rest of the year. The female, it is said, never makes her voice heard, if, indeed, she have one. The white spherical eggs are laid in October, the female depositing them together where the soil is sandy, and covering them up with sand. Where the ground is rocky she drops them indiscriminately in any hollow. Seven were found placed in a line in a fissure. One measured by Mr. Darwin was seven inches and three eighths in circumference. As soon as the young tortoises are hatched they are exposed to the attacks of a buzzard, which has the habits of the caracara, and fall a prey in great numbers to that bird. Accidents, such as falls from precipices, seem to be the principal events against which these tortoises have to guard. Several of the inhabitants told Mr. Darwin that they had never found one dead without some such apparent cause. They believe that these animals are, like the majority of Persian cats, absolutely deaf; and Mr. Darwin declares with certainty that they do not overhear a person walking close behind them. He was amused, when overtaking one of these great monsters, as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the instant he passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and, uttering a deep hiss, fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. He frequently got on their backs, and then, upon giving a few raps on the hinder part of the shell, they would rise up and walk away; but he found it very difficult to keep his balance.

The flesh of these tortoises is largely consumed, both fresh and salted. It is not unusual to collect them, barrel them up alive, put them on shipboard, and take them out as they are wanted, when they do not appear to have wasted much in consequence of their fast. From the fat a fine clear oil is prepared; and when a tortoise is caught, the state of its fatness is ascertained by a very summary process, which must be more satisfactory to the agent than the patient. The captor makes a slit with a knife in the skin near the animal's tail, so as to see inside its body whether the fat under the dorsal plate is thick. If it be not the tortoise

is liberated for that time, walks away, and soon recovers so as to be none the worse for the operation. Those who follow this somewhat trenchant course of experiment are soon made aware, that to secure one of these tortoises it is not sufficient to turn them like turtle; for, as Mr. Darwin tells us, they are often able to regain their upright position after having been so left on their backs.

In America people have an odd way of immortalizing themselves, and leaving intimations to friends and succeeding visitors where they have been. When they find a tortoise, they turn it up, cut their names with a knife on the investing horny plates of the plastron or ventral portion of the shell, and then setting the reptile on its legs, give the walking inscription its liberty.

But if we are to credit ancient legends, our royal tortoise and its Galapagosian brethren must hide their diminished heads. De Laet avers that they grow to such a size in Cuba, that one will carry five men on its back, and walk off with them. But some authors never like to be outdone, and the writer of *Thaumatographia*, who, to do him justice, is a most industrious collector of marvellous stories, gives us one on the authority of Leo that throws all other testudinarian tales into the shade. A traveller in Africa, weary and way-sore at the end of a fatiguing day, after seeking in vain for shelter, looked about, as the shades of evening deepened, for some insulated rock in the desert on which he might repose secure from the fierce or poisonous animals that infested those dreary wilds. At length, just as darkness overtook him, he saw what he wanted, climbed it, found a good flat place on its summit, lay down, and soon forgot the labors of the past day in a heavy slumber, from which he awoke not till the sun was up, and then he found that his dormitory had been moved nearly three thousand paces from the spot where he had laid down. This made him look about him, when he discovered that what he had taken for a rock was a tortoise, that had gone on feeding during the night, but at so imperceptibly slow a pace that the sleeper was not aware of the motion.

The great Galapagos tortoises which have hitherto been brought to this country have never lived long. They have thriven apparently till the time of hybernation arrived, and then have slept never to wake again. The returning spring has always found them dead. Whether they have not the means of properly laying themselves up and of reposing in the temperature exactly suited to their case, or have been fed too liberally on lettuce, which acts as an opiate when taken in any large quantity, are questions that have been considered, but as yet have not been satisfactorily answered. Taking into the account their usual diet in a state of nature, it may be questioned whether it is advisable to feed these gigantic tortoises so much on lettuces. The quantity of opium which must find its way into the system under so large a consumption must be very considerable; and it would be as well to try the

effect of a supply of other succulent vegetables, such as gourds and cabbages, with a fair proportion of lettuce. And yet the "old tortoise" immortalized by White selected milky plants, such as lettuces, dandelions, and sow-thistles, as its favorite dish; and for years continued to retire under ground about the middle of November, coming forth again about the middle of April. Its age was not known, but it had been kept for thirty years in a little walled court; and in a neighboring village one was kept till it was supposed to be a hundred years old. The tortoise introduced into the garden of Lambeth Palace in the time of Archbishop Laud continued to live there till the year 1753, and its death was then attributed to the neglect of the gardener rather than to age. The author of *Physico-theology*,* to whom the writers of modern treatises are so largely indebted, saw it in August, 1712, "in my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury's garden," and speaks of it as having been there since the time of the prelate† who smoothed the path of the royal martyr from earth to heaven, and received, as the cold complaining eye of the victim was fixed steadily on him, the mysterious "Remember!" from his dying lips. The shell of this tortoise was, and probably is, preserved in the library of the palace at Lambeth.

White's tortoise—for it afterwards became his, to the evident satisfaction of that charming naturalist and excellent man—when it first appeared in the spring, discovered very little inclination towards food, but in the height of summer grew voracious. As the summer declined, so did its appetite; and for the last six weeks in autumn it hardly ate at all. Its habits seemed to have differed widely from those of the great tortoises of the Galapagos. They, as we have seen, delighted, after a long abstinence probably, to plunge their heads into the water and to wallow in mud. White's tortoise appears to have lived in positive dread of the element.

No part of its behavior (writes White) ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain; and though it has a shell that would secure it against a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings, and running its head up in a corner. If attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass; for as sure as it walks elate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness in the morning, so sure will it rain before night.

Darwin's great tortoises marched by night as well as by day in their walks to the wells. White describes his as totally a diurnal animal, and never pretending to stir after it became dark; and yet he declares that nothing could be more assiduous than the creature, night and day, in scooping the earth and forcing its great body into the cavity intended for its hybernaculum. This, however, it must be remembered, was a work of

necessity, in which delay would have been dangerous. Beginning its excavation on the first of November, it had no time to lose, with the biting frosts close at hand; and if it had been overtaken by them it would have suffered even more than Captain Dalgetty, when he learned the rules of service so tightly under old Sir Ludovick Lesley that he was not likely to forget them in a hurry:—

Sir, I have been made to stand guard eight hours, being from twelve at noon to eight o'clock of the night, at the palace, armed with back and breast, head-piece, and bracelets—being iron to the teeth, in a bitter frost, and the ice was as hard as ever was flint; and all for stopping an instant to speak to my landlady, when I should have gone to roll-call.

White's tortoise was careful to avoid the other extreme of temperature:—

Though he loves warm weather, he avoids the hot sun; because this thick shell, when once heated, would, as the poet says of solid armor, "scald with safety." He, therefore, spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a large cabbage leaf, or amid the waving forests of an asparagus bed. But as he avoids heat in the summer, so in the decline of the year he improves the faint autumnal beams, by getting within the reflection of a fruit wall; and though he never has read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth, he inclines his shell, by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray.

This pet was a huge sleeper; for it not only remained under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, its arbitrary stomach and lungs enabling it to refrain from eating as well as breathing during that time, but slept the greater part of the summer; for it went to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often did not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retired to rest for every shower, and did not move at all on wet days.

When one reflects (says White) on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander away more than two thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

But notwithstanding this lethargic temperament the old tortoise knew its benefactress, and as soon as the good old lady came in sight, who had waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbled towards her with awkward alacrity, but remained inattentive to strangers. There was too an annual period when he was unusually on the alert. We think we can see the worthy pastor of Selborne looking down, with the air of the melancholy Jaques, on his favorite, and exclaiming:—

Pitiable seems the condition of this poor embarrassed reptile: to be cased in a suit of ponderous armor, which he cannot lay aside; to be imprisoned, as it were, within his own shell; must preclude, we should suppose, all activity and dis-

* Derham.

† Juxon.

position for enterprise. Yet there is a season of the year (usually the beginning of June) when his exertions are remarkable. He then walks on tip-toe, and is stirring by five in the morning; and, traversing the garden, explores every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant field. The motives that impel him to undertake these rambles seem to be of the amorous kind; his fancy then becomes intent on sexual attachments, which transport him beyond his usual gravity, and induce him to forget for a time his ordinary solemn deportment.

It is very possible that Cupid may have then been bestriding him. White's description looks very like the restlessness of passion—

Nec tibi Vespere
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente solem.

But the love of liberty and, not improbably, an annual migratory impulse in search of fresh pasture, may have been the prevailing motive. At all events, neither he nor the other *φρφοιχοι* are without their comforts. Each of them is independent of any capricious landlord, and both snail and tortoise, if they could speak, might say what it is a great privilege to be able to say, "Death alone can turn me out of this house."

The tenacity of life with which the *Testudinata* are gifted would be hardly credible to those who have not closely studied the subject. No well-regulated mind can read of some of the experiments which have been made to place the fact beyond all doubt without being shocked; but averse as every good man must be to the infliction of pain or death, it is but fair to allow that such experiments may be more cruel in appearance than in reality. Redi's operations must have been attended with instant death if made upon the higher and warm-blooded *vertebrata*. His tortoises lived, and showed no signs of acute suffering.

In the beginning of November he opened the skull of a land-tortoise, removed every particle of brain, and cleaned the cavity out. The animal was then set at liberty, but, instead of dying or remaining motionless, it groped its way about freely as its inclination directed, without the aid of sight; for when the animal was deprived of its brain it closed its eyes, which it never opened afterwards. The wound was left open, but skinned over in three days, and the tortoise continued to go about till the middle of May, when it died. On examining the skull, the cavity which had contained the brain was found empty and clean as it had been left, with the exception of one small, dry, black clot of blood.

But this was not a solitary instance. Many other land-tortoises were subjected to the same treatment in November, January, February, and March. The result was similar, with some exception; for some moved about freely, but others, though they showed that they were alive by other motions, did not. Fresh-water tortoises,

when made the subjects of the same experiment, acted like the others, but did not live so long. But Redi had a notion, that if the marine tortoises were deprived of their brain they would live for a very long time; for having received a turtle which was very much wasted and faint, he opened its skull and treated it in every respect as he had treated the land-tortoises, and, emaciated as it was, it lived six days after the operation.

But Redi proved the enduring vitality of these reptiles by a more decisive experiment. In the month of November he cut off the head of a large tortoise; the headless animal did not expire till twenty-three days had elapsed. This decapitated existent did not, indeed, move about like those which had only been robbed of their brain; but when any mechanical stimulus, such as pricking or poking, was applied to the anterior or posterior extremities, the headless trunk drew them up with considerable liveliness, and exhibited many other motions. To free himself from all doubt as to the vitality of these animals under such circumstances, Redi cut off the heads of four other tortoises. Twelve days after decapitation he opened two of them, when he beheld the heart beating, and saw the blood enter and leave it.

These were Redi's experiments: for them he is answerable. But it is only just to remark, that in this frightful state of life in death there may be more of irritability than sensation. The restoration of mutilated organs in the reptiles is wonderful to the uninitiated. Look at the eye: a subject for Newton. I remember to have seen in a large glass bowl a number of aquatic lizards, which were undergoing the curative and reproductive process, which kind nature had initiated—ay, and carried out completely—after they had been deprived of an anterior extremity or an eye. In both cases the organs were reproduced. The anterior extremity is nothing when compared to the organ of vision; but, after all, the cornea through which we see such glorious sights is nothing but a modification of the skin, and the rest of that wonderful orb in a low grade of animal nature may be easily supplied. It may occur to some that the clot in the cranium of Redi's brainless tortoise was an attempt to restore the great centre of the nervous system; but the probability is, that nature was endeavoring to repair the injury, and to secure as much of life as was to be obtained under the shocking circumstances.

The length of time during which Redi's headless tortoise lingered will not surprise those who have seen how much life remains, and for how long, in a turtle after all its wasting by the unhealthy voyage. We have been taught, and truly with respect to the higher grade of animals, that in the blood is the life. But in the case of the testudinate which is to furnish forth the soup, the calippee, the steaks, the currie, for which and upon which aldermen live, any one who wishes to descend into the abysses from which that ambrosial feast is furnished forth, may find a head-

less trunk suspended neck downwards that it may bleed more freely, and the head placed bill uppermost on a cold plate for the resting-place of the severed neck. The snapping of the jaws of that distant head, and the movements of that suspended body, have startled more than one neophyte who has been taken down to see "what a turtle can do when its head is cut off;" especially if, as it has happened to some of my friends, their fingers have chanced to come within reach of the turtle's bill at the snapping moment.

That such post-decapitation snaps and motions should raise horrible ideas of comparison is hardly to be wondered at; and I remember this instance of the vitality of the turtle's head being brought forward in corroboration of the sickening story of the blush on Charlotte Corday's face, when the brutal executioner struck it on the cheek as he held up the severed head to the execration of the friends of the imp Marat, the idol of the *canaille* that surrounded the guillotine. A friend saw an execution in Italy by an instrument resembling the Scottish maiden. He was very near the scene of death, and when the criminal's head was held up, he saw the eyes roll from right to left and from left to right. Those best qualified to judge are of opinion that this and similar movements are merely convulsive, and that the severed head does not feel. To say nothing of the stunning shock to the nervous system, more especially if the ponderous trenchant axe falls upon the occiput, as it did in the case of the unfortunate Louis XVI., whose under-jaw was said to have been left on the trunk, either from his shrinking just before the fatal moment, or the shortness of his neck; the blood-vessels of the brain must be so speedily emptied when a person suffers death by the guillotine, that all sensation must vanish in a very short space of time; but it is very far from clear that the head does not continue to live during that short space, and if it feels even for a moment or two, who shall say that in those moments it may not suffer an eternity of agony and shame? It has been hinted, that during that diabolical French carnival, when terror reigned supreme, and fraternity—the fraternity of Cain and his brother—had reached its culminating point, observations were made on the newly-severed heads that gave evidence of action, if not of feeling, after their separation from the bodies of the victims of the revolutionary tribunal. Some of our readers may have heard of another horror of that accursed time. At first, when the executions were few and far between, the body was thrown into quicklime; but as the thirst for blood advanced, when the guillotine was *en permanence*, and, though it rested not, could not do the work of extermination fast enough; when the cord, and the pike, and the sabre, and the musket, and the cannon, were all brought into action, and the *noyades* were added to the *fusillades*, the utilitarians began to think that the quicklime operation was destructive of much good animal matter. So the muscle of the slaughtered was converted into adipocere for the

candle manufactory, and their skins furnished no small quantity of exquisite leather. Little did the beauty of that age, as she charmed all eyes at the ball, think whence came the light in which she shone, or that the delicate glove which set off her more delicate arm was not the spoil of the kid.*

More than enough of these horrors—may they never rise again to shock humanity in our time!—and "return we"—as a most excellent judge was wont to say when leading back the jury from a digression into which he had seduced them, but always with the effect of arresting their attention more strongly to the issue which they had to try—return we to the extraordinary vitality manifested by the *Testudinata* under the most adverse circumstances.

A small tortoise was received in this country in the winter; in a state of hybernation, doubtless. The condition of the little animal never occurred to the recipient. The head and limbs were tucked into the shell, and he put it into a drawer with a collection of snuff-boxes, intending to have it mounted as a companion to the rest. The drawer was not opened for many months, and when it was, it smelt, as the proprietor thought, rather musty. He therefore pulled it out on a fine, warm, moist, autumnal day, exposed it to the open air on the outside of a window, and went where his business called him. When he returned, he thought he would take a look at his drawer, and as soon as he cast a glance upon it, he saw, as he thought, one of his snuff-boxes walking about. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again. His senses had not deceived him, for there was the tortoise roused from his long, long sleep, by the genial atmosphere; and, though it was not exactly in the state to make soup for a fairy alderman, it soon gained strength under kind treatment, and lived long.

The alleged length of time during which suspended animation may be continued, with the power of again resuming the functions of life, would be considered as fit only for fable, were it not confirmed beyond all doubt. Hear honest and true Benjamin Franklin, who thus relates a somewhat extraordinary anecdote of some flies which had undergone a similar fate to that of "poor Clarence," but with a much more happy result to some of the party:—

They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent hither (to London.) At the opening of one of the bottles at the house of a friend where I then was, three drowned flies fell into the first glass which was filled. Having heard it remarked that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the sun, I proposed making the experiment upon these; they were, therefore, exposed to the sun upon a sieve, which had been employed to strain them out of the wine. In less than three hours two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by some convulsive

* The skin of a human being, properly prepared, is very like fine kid leather.

motions in the thighs, and at length they raised themselves upon their legs, wiped their eyes with their fore-feet, beat and brushed their wings with their hind-feet, and soon after began to fly—finding themselves in old England without knowing how they came thither. The third continued lifeless till sunset, when, losing all hopes of him, he was thrown away.

The philosopher thus improves the occasion:—

I wish it were possible, from this instance, to invent a method of embalming drowned persons, in such a manner that they might be recalled to life at any period, however distant; for, having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America an hundred years hence, I should prefer to any ordinary death the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine, with a few friends, till that time, to be recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country.*

Now, Heaven forbid, that in this incredulous time any doubt should be thrown upon this comfortable story; but I have somewhere met with another account of the extraordinary longevity of a fly. The relator, when in Germany, was promised by his host a superlative wine which had been ten years in bottle. The well-corked flask was produced, and while mine host was descanting on its age and merits, and holding it up to the light, he, to whom it was offered, beheld between his eye and the sun a fly vigorously struggling on the surface of the wine. Modest as he was, he could not resist his impulse to point out the struggler, observing that the venerable insect had, no doubt, been kept in health and vigor by the *elixir vita* in the bottle. The innkeeper—and this is the strangest part of the story—was abashed; and in his confusion was surprised into a declaration that he never would tell another lie.

The old nursery-book told us, and told us truly, under usual circumstances, that

The tortoise securely from danger does dwell,
; When he tucks up his head and his tail in his shell.

The true Terrapenes, or, as those land-tortoises are called by Jack, "Turpins," may defy the general chapter of accidents, though there may be no safety either for him or the poet, on whose bald head a raptorial bird may drop the reptile from on high, taking the calvarium for a stone. With a dorsal buckler constructed principally out of eight pair of ribs, united towards their middle by a succession of angular plates, into which the ribs are, as it were, inlaid; and a plastron or breastplate composed of nine pieces, each of which, with one exception, are pairs, the ninth being placed between the four anterior pieces, with the two first of which it generally coheres, when it is not articulated with the four, and the whole forming in the adult a strong breast-and-belly plate—compact in all its parts, and united on each side to the dorsal buckler, the whole being so framed and composed as to resist a very high degree of pressure, or a powerful blow—the land-tortoise has only to offer the passive resistance of its defensive

armor to set at nought the attacks of ordinary enemies. There is one genus of land-tortoises* which does not grow to such a size, or carry such ponderous armor, as those of the genus *Testudo*, that has a still further safeguard against the predatory animals to whose attempts it is exposed. In this form the anterior portion of the plastron, reaching backward to the space occupied by the two first pairs of sternal plates, is susceptible of motion. Under the strongly-marked suture of the second with the third pair, is the elastic ligament which serves for a hinge. When the animal wishes to open this movable lid, under which, when closed, the head and fore-feet are closely boxed up, it lowers the lid, protrudes its head and fore-feet, and walks or feeds till danger approaches, when it draws them in, raises the lid, and thus shuts itself up in a compact-box; for the edges of this operculum on hinges fit close as wax to those of the carapace, which here forms a sort of animated door-case. Thus the animal has nothing to fear in front; and behind, it is securely protected by its enlarged and deepened plastron, under which the posterior extremities and tail can be entirely and snugly drawn up. Among the marsh-tortoises† there is a similar conformation; and the species so protected have obtained the apt name of Box-tortoises.

But, as if Nature were determined to show that she can vary any plan, however ingenious, she has thought fit to turn out of hand another phase of this box-like construction, and in *Kinyxis* we have it behind instead of before. The tortoises of this group are gifted with the power of moving the posterior part of their carapace, which they can lower and apply to their plastron, so as completely to close the box behind, as those of the genus *Pyxis* close the anterior part of their shells. But in *Kinyxis* there is no hinge-like apparatus as there is in *Pyxis*. In *Kinyxis* the bones bend; and, in consequence of their thinness and elasticity, the carapace can be bent down at the will of the animal, so as to approximate the plastron. A sinuous line, on which the animal mechanism operates, is indicated externally between the penultimate and ante-penultimate marginal plate; and this point, or rather, line of flexion, is furnished with a tissue partaking of the nature of fibre and cartilage.

But which of the land-tortoises furnished the shell—the chorded shell, dear to Apollo and the Muses?

Pausanias says, that it was a species which was found in the Arcadian woods; and it very probably was that now known as *Testudo Græca*. Others declare that it was an African species (whose carapace and dried tendons gave out a sound when struck by Mercury, who found it after an inundation of the Nile) that furnished the hint for the lyre.

The *Elodians*, or marsh-tortoises, are gifted with far greater activity than their terrestrial relations. They swim with great facility, and make

* Franklin's *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 237.

* *Pyxis*.

† *Sternotherus*.

a much quicker march on land, leading a predatory, quisquiliuous, amphibious life, and frequenting sluggish streams, the lake, the pond, and the marsh. Their food consists principally of freshwater molluscous animals, tailless and tailed batrachians,* and annelids, or worm-like creatures.

The honeymoon of these elodians endures for many weeks at a certain time of the year; and their prolonged loves are blest with a goodly batch of spherical eggs, without any calcareous shell, but as white as those of the other chelonians. The nest is a shallow cavity in the earth, scraped out by the female; and the banks of the waters, wherein she spends much of her time, are generally selected; for her instinct teaches her that such a locality offers a refuge to the young, who take refuge in the waters from their numerous enemies as soon as they are hatched.

And here it may be observed that the *Chersians*, or land-tortoises, are, as a general rule, feeders on vegetables; the *Thalassians*, or sea-tortoises, commonly known as turtles, both vegetarian (in some cases almost entirely so) and carnivorous; while the *Elodians*, or marsh-tortoises, and the *Potamians*, or river-tortoises, which may both be classed under one common head, the gradation being almost insensible, are supported on animal food, the prey being generally taken in a living state. In conformity with this dispensation, the anterior extremity of the upper bill in the majority of species exhibits a large notch, and on each side of it a sufficiently strong tooth, reminding the observer of the beak of the higher raptorial birds.

In some of this group, Nature, which in the chelonian forms which we have already noticed had contented herself with a lid either before or behind, carries out what may be termed the box principle, by making, as in the genus *Cistudo*, a movable lid both before and behind. In this sub-genus a cartilage attaches the wide oval plastron to the buckler. This cartilage is movable both before and behind, turning on the same transversal mesial hinge, and, at the will of the animal, presenting nothing but a well-closed box to the prying eyes of the enemy. In *Kinosternon*, also, the oval sternum is movable before and behind on a fixed piece; but in *Staurotypus*, the thick cruciform sternum is movable in front only. In others again, *Platysternon* and *Emysaura*, for example, the plastron is immovable.

The *Potamians*, or true river-tortoises, whose species have been confounded under the name of *Trionyx*, have among them some which grow to a considerable size. To say nothing of one which was kept by Pennant, and weighed twenty pounds, seventy pounds have been stated as the weight attained by certain individuals. Inhabiting the streams and rivers, or great lakes of the warmer regions of the earth, their habits are generally similar. Swimming with much ease either upon or beneath the surface of the water, they pursue

young crocodiles, other reptiles and fishes, which their agility enables them to make their prey. They are also said to be great destroyers of the eggs of the crocodiles, especially in the Nile and the Ganges. The angler baits his hook for them with small fishes or other living bait, unless his skill enables him so to play a dead or artificial one as to deceive the sharp eyes of these tortoises, whose flesh is considered very good for the table. If he goes out with proper tackle, the sport is satisfactory enough; but one of them took the fly of a justly-celebrated singer and skilful disciple of old Izaak's school, while he was fishing for trout. He thought he had got hold of an old boat; but, unwisely as his prize was, he would probably have landed it if left to himself. His stupid attendant, however, rushed forward and seized the line, which, thus deprived of the spring of the rod, could not bear the strain, and the potamian got clear off.

Islets, rocks, floating timber, or the trunks of fallen trees on the banks, are the favorite places of resort to which these tortoises come for repose during the night. But they are very wary, and the least noise sends them immediately into the water. They are troublesome customers to those who are not aware of their mode of attack. When they seize their prey, or are on the defensive, they suddenly and most rapidly dart out their retracted head and long neck, like lightning, biting most sharply; and rarely relaxing their hold till they have taken the piece, into which they have fixed their cutting and pertinacious bill, out. The fisherman, therefore, either cuts off their heads as soon as he has secured them, or reins them up with a sort of bridle, so as to prevent the dreaded bite; and, in this last state, I have been told, they are often exposed alive for sale in the markets.

In the months of April or May, the sandy spots on the banks of the rivers or lakes which have a good exposure to the sun are sought out by the females, as the places of deposit of their eggs, to the amount of some fifty or sixty; and in July the young make their appearance. The patience of a German is proverbial; with the eternal pipe in his mouth, he calmly follows out his subject, and follows it out well; but when we find Monsieur Lesueur patiently counting the ova in the ovary of a potamian mother, and deliberately giving the results, we pause, and thank the gods who have disposed the mercurial mind of one of our near neighbors to quietly settle down to ovarian statistics. In the ovary of a pregnant potamian M. Lesueur counted twenty ripe eggs, ready to come forth at the bidding of Dame Nature. Then he saw a quantity of ova, varying in size from that of a pin's head to the goodly volume of rotundity which they attain, when the calcareous coat, which is necessary for the protection of the egg when it is exposed to the dangers of this world, is superadded: what "the tottle of the whole" is, may be ascertained by those who feel disposed to inquire of M. Lesueur; and, if they will consult the oracle, they will rise from the consultation wiser

* Anurous and urodele batrachians of the learned.

men, unless they have sounded all the shallows and depths of testudinate life.

But enough, and, for the reader who is not zoologically disposed, more than enough. He has been led, if he has condescended to follow, from the land to the marsh, from the marsh to the lake, stream, and river, the residences of the various modifications of testudinate life. A short repose should be placed at his disposal, before, in

the course of our narrative, he follows these great rivers of the old and new world, in which the fresh water tortoises disport themselves, into that ocean in which all rivers, great and small, are lost. But there, in that boundless waste of waters, we shall find that Nature has modified the Chelonian type into the Thalassian shape, which occupies a distinguished reptilian place in the present world, and in that which is gone forever.

THE WHOLE HOG REFORMERS.—Mankind can only be regenerated by dining on vegetables. Why! Certain worthy gentlemen have dined, it seems, on vegetables for ever so many years, and are none the worse for it. Straightway, these excellent men, excited to the highest pitch, announce themselves by public advertisement as "DISTINGUISHED VEGETARIANS," vault upon a platform, hold a vegetable festival, and proceed to show, not without prolixity and weak jokes, that a vegetable diet is the only true faith, and that, in eating meat, mankind is wholly mistaken and partially corrupt. Distinguished Vegetarians! As the men who wear Nankeen trousers might hold a similar meeting and become, Distinguished Nankeenarians! But am I to have no meat? If I take a pledge to eat three cauliflowers daily in the cauliflower season, a peck of peas daily in the pea time, a gallon of broad Windsor beans daily when beans are "in," and a young cabbage or so every morning before breakfast, with perhaps a little ginger between meals (as a vegetable substance, corrective of that windy diet), may I not be allowed half an ounce of gravy-beef to flavor my potatoes? Not a shred! Distinguished Vegetarians can acknowledge no imperfect animal. Their Hog must be a Whole Hog, according to the fashion of the time. Now, we would so far renew the custom of sacrificing animals, as to recommend that an altar be erected to Our Country, at present sheltering so many of these very inconvenient and unwieldy Hogs, on which their grosser portions should be "burnt and purged away." The Whole Hog of the Temperance Movement, divested of its intemperate assumption of infallibility and of its intemperate determination to run grunting at the legs of the general population of this empire, would be a far less unclean and a far more serviceable creature than at present. The Whole Hog of the Peace Society, acquiring the recognition of a community of feeling between itself and many who hold war in no less abhorrence, but who yet believe, that, in the present era of the world, some preparation against it is a preservative of peace and a restraint upon despotism, would become as much enlightened as its learned predecessor Toby of Immortal Memory. And if distinguished Vegetarians, of all kinds, would only allow a little meat; and if distinguished Fleshmeatarians, of all kinds, would only yield a little vegetable; if the former, quietly devouring the fruits of the earth to any extent, would admit the possible morality of mashed potatoes with beef—and if the latter would concede a little spinach with gammon; and if both could manage to get on with a little less platforming—there being at present rather an undue preponderance of cry over wool—if all of us, in short, were to yield up something of our whole and entire animals, it might be very much the better in the end, both for us and for them.—"*Dickens' Household Words.*"

From the Boston Post.

Most of your readers have heard of a barbecue, but probably few have ever attended one. Perhaps a description of a public barbecue, given in November last by the citizens of Athens, Georgia, to the Hon. Howell Cobb, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, may not be uninteresting. The barbecue comprised speeches by the Hon. Howell Cobb and Senator Dawson, and afterwards a dinner. Of the speeches, I shall only say that they were eloquent appeals in defence of the Union. My particular object is to describe the dinner. I took occasion, while Senator Dawson was speaking, to go out and see how the dinner was cooked. The tables were laid upon a green lawn, about one hundred yards from the College Chapel, where the honorable gentleman was speaking, and the cooking was done in the open air, near the tables. A trench was dug about 120 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 1½ feet deep. Alongside of the trench, piles of wood were burning, and the coals were thrown into the trench; forty hogs and fifteen sheep were spitted and roasting. The ends of the spits were resting on each side of the trench; the fat dropping from the hogs and sheep kept the coals alive, and assisted in roasting the meat. As this was altogether a new way of roasting to me, I determined to remain until the hogs and sheep were done. In process of time they were done, and one by one they were taken off the spits. Then commenced the cutting up of the animals. Three dirty negroes, and three dirtier white men, stood by, and as the animals were taken from the fire they laid them upon a table, and with a broad axe cut them in pieces, and then tore them into fragments with their hands. As there were neither towels nor water near them, the cooks made their mouths answer the double purpose of towels and water. When the animals were torn into sufficiently small pieces to suit the tastes of the party, they were placed upon wooden dishes and put upon a long pine table, having the same cover upon it that it had when the carpenter left it. The entire bill of fare consisted of hogs, sheep, and bread. About 400 men partook of the dinner, each man laying hold of a piece of hog with one hand and a piece of bread with the other. There was nothing to drink, not even water. As I had seen the cutting up process, of course I did not eat any of the dinner, but I could not help thinking that it was rather a brutal way of serving a retiring speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

E. L. F.

In an action tried before Baron Parke, at the Derby Assizes, in July, Mrs. Ellen Blake, widow of Mr. John Blake, who was killed near Clay Cross station when the luggage-train ran into a train on the 19th May, obtained 4000*l.* damages from the Midland Railway Company, in compensation for the pecuniary loss she sustained by the death of her husband.—*Spectator.*

CHAPTER XLIII.—A FOREST RIDE.

WHILE I was dressing, a note was handed to me from the curé, apologizing for his departure without seeing me, and begging, as a great favor, that I would not leave the chateau till his return. He said that the count's spirits had benefited greatly by our agreeable converse, and that he requested me to be his guest for some time to come. The postscript added a suggestion, that I should write down some of the particulars of my visit to Ettenheim, but particularly of that conversation alluding to the meditated assassination of Bonaparte.

There were many points in the arrangement which I did not like. To begin, I had no fancy whatever for the condition of a dependant, and such my poverty would at once stamp me. Secondly, I was averse to this frequent intercourse with men of the Royalist party, whose restless character and unceasing schemes were opposed to all the principles of those I had served under; and, finally, I was growing impatient under the listless vacuity of a life that gave no occupation, nor opened any view for the future. I sat down to breakfast in a mood very little in unison with the material enjoyments around me. The meal was all that could tempt appetite; and the view from the open window displayed a beautiful flower-garden, imperceptibly fading away into a maze of ornamental planting, which was backed again by a deep forest, the well-known wood of Belleville. Still I ate on sullenly, scarce noticing any of the objects around me. I will see the count, and take leave of him, thought I, suddenly; I cannot be his guest without sacrificing feeling in a dozen ways.

"At what hour does Monsieur rise?" asked I, of the obsequious valet who waited behind my chair.

"Usually at three or four in the afternoon, sir; but to-day he has desired me to make his excuses to you. There will be a consultation of doctors here; and the likelihood is, that he may not leave his chamber."

"Will you convey my respectful compliments, then, to him, and my regrets that I had not seen him before leaving the chateau?"

"The count charged me, sir, to entreat your remaining here till he had seen you. He said you had done him infinite service already, and indeed it is long since he has passed a night in such tranquillity."

There are few slight circumstances which impress a stranger more favorably, than any semblance of devotion on the part of a servant to his master. The friendship of those above one in life is easier to acquire than the attachment of those beneath. Love is a plant whose tendrils strive ever upwards. I could not help feeling struck at the man's manner, as he spoke these few words; and insensibly my mind reverted to the master who had inspired such sentiments.

"My master gave orders, sir," continued he, "that we should do everything possible to contribute to your wishes; that the carriage, or, if you prefer them, saddle-horses, should be ready at any hour you ordered. The wood has a variety of beautiful excursions; there is a lake, too, about two leagues away; and the ruins of Monterraye are also worth seeing."

"If I had not engagements in Paris," muttered I, while I affected to mumble over the conclusion of the sentence to myself.

"Monsieur has seldom done a greater kindness than this will be," added he, respectfully; "but if Monsieur's business could be deferred for a day or two, without inconvenience —"

"Perhaps that might be managed," said I, starting up, and walking to the window, when, for the first time, the glorious prospect revealed itself before me. How delicious, after all, would be a few hours of such a retreat!—a morning loitered away in that beautiful garden; and then, a long ramble through the dark wood till sunset. Oh, if Laura were but here; if she could be my companion along those leafy alleys! If not *with*, I can at least think *of* her, thought I; seek out spots she would love to linger in, and points of view she would enjoy with all a painter's zest. And this poor count, with all his riches, could not derive in a whole lifetime the enjoyment that a few brief hours would yield to us! So is it almost ever in this world: to one man the appliances, to another the faculties for enjoyment.

"I am so glad Monsieur has consented," said the valet joyously.

"Did I say so? I don't know that I said anything."

"The count will be so gratified," added he; and hurried away to convey the tidings.

Well, be it so. Heaven knows my business in Paris will scarcely suffer by my absence; my chief occupation there being to cheat away the hours till meal-time. It is an occupation I can easily resume a few days hence. I took a book, and strolled out into the garden; but I could not read. There is a gush of pleasure felt at times from the most familiar objects, which the most complicated machinery of enjoyment often fails to equal; and now the odor of moss-roses and geraniums, the rich perfume of orange flowers, the plash of fountains, and the hum of the summer insects, steeped my mind in delight; and I lay there in a dream of bliss that was like enchantment. I suppose I must have fallen asleep; for my thoughts took every form of wildness and incoherency. Ireland; the campaign; the Bay of Genoa; the rugged height of Kuffstein, all passed before my mind, peopled with images foreign to all their incidents. It was late in the afternoon that I aroused myself, and remembered where I was; the shadows of the dark forest were stretching over the plain; and I determined

on a ride beneath their mellow shade. As if in anticipation of my wishes, the horses were already saddled, and a groom stood awaiting my orders. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to be rich! thought I, as I mounted; from what an eminence does the wealthy man view life! No petty cares nor calculations mar the conceptions of his fancy. His will, like his imagination, wanders free and unfettered. And so thinking, I dashed spurs into my horse, and plunged into the dense wood. Perhaps I was better mounted than the groom, or perhaps the man was scarcely accustomed to such impetuosity. Whatever the reason, I was soon out of sight of him. The trackless grass of the alley, and its noiseless turf, made pursuit difficult in a spot where the paths crossed and recrossed in a hundred different directions; and so I rode on for miles and miles without seeing more of my follower.

Forest riding is particularly seductive; you are insensibly led on to see where this alley will open, or how that path will terminate. Some of the spirit of discovery seems to seal its attractions to the wild and devious track, untrodden as it looks; and you feel all the charm of adventure as you advance. The silence, too, is most striking; the noiseless footfalls of the horse, and the unbroken stillness, add indescribable charm to the scene, and the least imaginative cannot fail to weave fancies and fictions as he goes.

Near as it was to a great city, not a single rider crossed my path; not even a peasant did I meet. A stray bundle of fagots, bound and ready to be carried away, showed that the axe of the woodman had been heard within the solitude; but not another trace told that human footstep had ever pressed the sward.

Although still a couple of hours from sunset, the shade of the wood was dense enough to make the path appear uncertain, and I was obliged to ride more cautiously than before. I had thought that, by steadily pursuing one straight track, I should at last gain the open country, and easily find some road that would re-conduct me to the chateau; but now I saw no signs of this. "The alley" was, to all appearance, exactly as I found it—miles before. A long aisle of beech-trees stretched away in front and behind me; a short, grassy turf was beneath my feet; and not an object to tell me how far I had come, or whither I was tending. If now and then another road crossed the path, it was in all respects like this one. This was puzzling; and, to add to my difficulty, I suddenly remembered that I had never thought of learning the name of the chateau, and well knew that to ask for it as the residence of the Count de Maurepas would be a perfect absurdity. There was something so ludicrous in the situation, that I could not refrain from laughing at first; but a moment's reconsideration made me regard the incident more gravely. In what a position should I stand, if unable to discover the chateau! The curé might have left Paris before I could reach it; all clue to the count might thus be lost; and although these

were but improbable circumstances, they came now very forcibly before me, and gave me serious uneasiness.

"I have been so often in false positions in life, so frequently implicated where no real blame could attach to me, that I shall not be in the least surprised if I be arrested as a horse-stealer!" The night now began to fall rapidly, so that I was obliged to proceed at a slow pace; and at length, as the wood seemed to thicken, I was forced to get off, and walk beside my horse. I have often found myself in situations of real peril, with far less anxiety than I now felt; my position seemed at the time inexplicable and absurd. I suppose, thought I, that no man was ever lost in the wood of Belleville; he must find his way out of it sooner or later; and then there can be no great difficulty in returning to Paris. This was about the extent of the comfort I could afford myself; for, once back in the capital, I could not speculate on a single step further.

I was at last so weary with the slow and cautious progression I was condemned to, that I half determined to picquet my horse to a tree, and lie down to sleep till daylight. While I sought out a convenient spot for my bivouac, a bright twinkling light, like a small star, caught my eye. Twice it appeared, and vanished again, so that I was well assured of its being real, and no phantom of my now over-excited brain. It appeared to proceed from the very densest part of the wood, and whither, so far as I could see, no path conducted. As I listened to catch any sounds, I again caught sight of the faint star, which now seemed at a short distance from the road where I stood. Fastening my horse to a branch, I advanced directly through the brushwood for about a hundred yards, when I came to a small open space, in which stood one of those modest cottages, of rough timber, wherein, at certain seasons, the gamekeepers take refuge. A low, square, log hut, with a single door, and an unglazed window, comprised the whole edifice, being one of the humblest, even of its humble kind, I had ever seen. Stealing cautiously to the window, I peeped in. On a stone, in the middle of the earthen floor, a small iron lamp stood, which threw a faint and flickle light around. There was no furniture of any kind; nothing that bespoke the place as inhabited; and it was only as I continued to gaze that I detected the figure of a man, who seemed to be sleeping, on a heap of dried leaves, in one corner of the hovel. I own that, with all my anxiety to find a guide, I began to feel some scruples about obtruding on the sleeper's privacy. He was evidently no "garde de chasse," who are a well-to-do sort of folk, being usually retired sous-officers of the army. He might be a poacher, a robber, or perhaps a dash of both together—a trade I had often heard of as being resorted to by the most reckless and abandoned of the population of Paris, when their crimes and their haunts become too well known in the capital.

I peered eagerly through the chamber, to see

if he were armed; but not a weapon of any kind was to be seen. I next sought to discover if he were quite alone; and, although one side of the hovel was hidden from my view, I was well assured that he had no comrade. Come, said I to myself, man to man, if it should come to a struggle, is fair enough; and the chances are I shall be able to defend myself.

His sleep was sound and heavy, like that after fatigue; so that I thought it would be easy for me to enter the hovel, and secure his arms, if he had such, before he should awake. I may seem to my reader, all this time, to have been inspired with an undue amount of caution and prudence, considering how evenly we were matched; but I would remind him that it was a period when the most dreadful crimes were of daily occurrence. Not a night went over without some terrible assassination; and a number of escaped galley slaves were known to be at large in the suburbs and outskirts of the capital. These men, under the slightest provocation, never hesitated at murder; for their lives were already forfeited, and they scrupled at nothing which offered a chance of escape. To add to the terror their atrocities excited, there was a rumor current at the time that the government itself made use of these wretches for its own secret acts of vengeance; and many implicitly believed that the dark assassinations of the "Temple" had no other agency. I do not mean to say that these fears were well founded, or that I myself partook of them; but such were the reports commonly circulated, and the impunity of crime certainly favored the impression. I know not if this will serve as an apology for the circumspection of my proceeding, as, cautiously pushing the door, inch by inch, I at length threw it wide open. Not the slightest sound escaped as I did so; and yet, certainly before my hand quitted the latch, the sleeper had sprung to his knees; and, with his dark eyes glaring wildly at me, crouched like a beast about to rush upon an enemy.

His attitude, and his whole appearance at that moment, are yet before me. Long black hair fell in heavy masses at either side of his head; his face was pale, haggard, and hunger-stricken; a deep, drooping moustache descended from below his chin, and almost touched his collar-bones, which were starting from beneath the skin; a ragged cloak, that covered him as he lay, had fallen off, and showed that a worn shirt and a pair of coarse linen trousers were all his clothing. Such a picture of privation and misery I never looked upon before nor since!

"Qui va là?" cried he, sternly, and with the voice of one not unused to command; and, although the summons showed his soldier training, his condition of wretchedness suggested deep misgivings.

"Qui va là?" shouted he again, louder and more determinedly.

"A friend—perhaps a comrade," said I, boldly.

"Advance comrade, and give the countersign," replied he, rapidly, and like one repeating a phrase

of routine; and then, as if suddenly remembering himself, he added with a low sigh, "There is none!" His arms dropped heavily as he spoke, and he fell back against the wall, with his head drooping on his chest.

There was something so unutterably forlorn in his look, as he sat thus, that all apprehension of personal danger from him left me at the moment, and, advancing frankly, I told him how I had lost my way in the wood, and by a mere accident chanced to desecrate his light as I wandered along in the gloom.

I do not know if he understood me at first, for he gazed half vacantly at my face while I was speaking, and often stealthily peered around to see if others were coming; so that I had to repeat more than once that I was perfectly alone. That the poor fellow was insane seemed but too probable; the restless activity of his wild eye, the suspicious watchfulness of his glances, all looked like madness, and I thought that he had probably made his escape from some military hospital, and concealed himself within the recesses of the forest. But even these signs of over-wrought excitement began to subside soon; and, as though the momentary effort at vigilance had been too much for his strength, he now drew his cloak about him, and lay down once more.

I handed him my brandy flask, which still contained a little, and he touched it to his lips with a slight nod of recognition. Invigorated by the stimulant, he sipped again and again, but always cautiously, and with prudent reserve.

"You have been a soldier," said I, taking my seat at his side.

"I am a soldier," said he, with a strong emphasis on the verb.

"I, too, have served," said I; "although, probably, neither as long nor as creditably as you have."

He looked at me fixedly for a second or two, and then dropped his eyes without a reply.

"You were probably with the army of the Meuse?" said I, hazarding the guess, from remembering how many of that army had been invalidated by the terrible attacks of ague contracted in North Holland.

"I served on the Rhine," said he, briefly; "but I made the campaign of Jemappes, too. I served the king also—King Louis," cried he sternly. "Is that avowal candid enough; or do you want more?"

Another royalist, thought I, with a sigh. Whichever way I turn they meet me—the very ground seems to give them up.

"And could you find no better trade than that of a mouchard?" asked he, sneeringly.

"I am not a mouchard—I never was one. I am a soldier like yourself; and, mayhap, if all were to be told, scarcely a more fortunate one."

"Dismissed the service—and for what?" asked he, bluntly.

"If not broke, at least not employed," said I, bitterly.

"A royalist?"

"Not the least of one, but suspected."

"Just so. Your letters—your private papers ransacked, and brought in evidence against you. Your conversations with your intimates noted down and attested—every word you dropped in a moment of disappointment or anger; every chance phrase you uttered when provoked, all quoted; was n't that it?"

As he spoke this, with a rapid and almost impetuous utterance, I, for the first time, noticed that both the expressions and the accent implied breeding and education. Not all his vehemence could hide the evidences of former cultivation.

"How comes it," asked I eagerly, "that such a man as you are is to be found thus? You certainly did not always serve in the ranks?"

"I had my grade," was his short, dry reply.

"You were a quarter-master—perhaps a sous-lieutenant?" said I, hoping by the flattery of the surmise to lead him to talk further.

"I was the colonel of a dragoon regiment," said he, sternly; "and that neither the least brave nor the least distinguished in the French army."

Ah! thought I, my good fellow, you have shot your bolt too high this time; and in a careless, easy way, I asked, "what might have been the number of his corps?"

"How can it concern you?" said he, with a savage vehemence. "You say that you are not a spy. To what end these questions? As it is, you have made this hovel, which has been my shelter for some weeks back, no longer of any service to me. I will not be tracked. I will not suffer espionage, by Heaven!" cried he, as he dashed his clenched fist against the ground beside him. His eyes, as he spoke, glared with all the wildness of insanity, and great drops of sweat hung upon his damp forehead.

"Is it too much," continued he, with all the vehemence of passion, "is it too much that I was master here? Are these walls too luxurious? Is there the sign of foreign gold in this tasteful furniture and the splendor of these hangings? Or is this?"—and he stretched out his lean and naked arms as he spoke—"is this the garb?—is this the garb of a man who can draw at will on the coffers of royalty? Ay!" cried he, with a wild laugh, "if this is the price of my treachery, the treason might well be pardoned."

I did all I could to assuage the violence of his manner. I talked to him calmly and soberly of myself and of him, repeating over and over the assurance that I had neither the will nor the way to injure him. "You may be poor," said I, "and yet scarcely poorer than I am—friendless, and have as many to care for you as I have. Believe me, comrade, save in the matter of a few years the less on one side, and some services the more on the other, there is little to choose between us."

These few words, wrung from me in sorrowful sincerity, seemed to do more than all I had said previously, and he moved the lamp a little to one

side that he might have a better view of me as I sat; and thus we remained for several minutes staring steadfastly at each other without a word spoken on either side. It was in vain that I sought in that face, livid and shrunk by famine—in that straggling matted hair, and that figure enveloped in rags, for any traces of former condition. Whatever might once have been his place in society, now he seemed the very lowest of that miserable tribe whose lives are at once the miracle and shame of our century.

"Except that my senses are always playing me false," said he, as he passed his hand across his eyes, "I could say that I have seen your face before. What was your corps?"

"The Ninth Hussars, 'the Tapageurs,' as they called them."

"When did you join—and where?" said he, with an eagerness that surprised me.

"At Nancy," said I, calmly.

"You were there with the advanced guard of Moreau's corps," said he, hastily; "you followed the regiment to the Moselle."

"How do you know all this?" asked I, in amazement.

"Now for your name; tell me your name," cried he, grasping my hand in both of his—"and I charge you by all you care for here or hereafter, no deception with me. It is not a head that has been tried like mine can bear a cheat."

"I have no object in deceiving you; nor am I ashamed to say who I am," replied I. "My name is Tiernay—Maurice Tiernay."

The word was but out, when the poor fellow threw himself forward, and grasping my hands, fell upon and kissed them.

"So, then," cried he, passionately, "I am not friendless—I am not utterly deserted in life—you are yet left to me, my dear boy."

This burst of feeling convinced me that he was deranged; and I was speculating in my mind how best to make my escape from him, when he pushed back the long and tangled hair from his face, and, staring wildly at me, said, "You know me now—don't you? Oh, look again, Maurice, and do not let me think that I am forgotten by all the world."

"Good heavens!" cried I, "it is Colonel Mahon!"

"Ay, 'Le Beau Mahon,'" said he, with a burst of wild laughter; "Le Beau Mahon, as they used to call me long ago. Is this a reverse of fortune, I ask you?" and he held out the ragged remnants of his miserable clothes. "I have not worn shoes for nigh a month. I have tasted food but once in the last thirty hours! I, that have led French soldiers to the charge full fifty times, up to the very batteries of the enemy, am reduced to hide and skulk from place to place like a felon, trembling at the clank of a gendarme's boot, as never the thunder of an enemy's squadron made me. Think of the persecution that has brought me to this, and made me a beggar and a coward together!"

A gush of tears burst from him at these words, and he sobbed for several minutes like a child.

Whatever might have been the original source of his misfortunes, I had very little doubt that now his mind had been shaken by their influence, and that calamity had deranged him. The slight uncertainty of his manner, the incoherent rapidity with which he passed from one topic to another, increased with his excitement, and he passed alternately from the wildest expressions of delight at our meeting, to the most heart-rending descriptions of his own sufferings. By great patience and some ingenuity, I learned that he had taken refuge in the wood of Belleville, where the kindness of an old soldier of his own brigade—now a garde de chasse—had saved him from starvation. Jacques Caillon was continually alluded to in his narrative. It was Jacques sheltered him when he came first to Belleville. Jacques had afforded him a refuge in the different huts of the forest, supplying him with food—acts not alone of benevolence, but of daring courage, as Mahon continually asserted. If it were but known, “they’d give him a peloton and eight paces.” The theme of Jacques’ heroism was so engrossing, that he could not turn from it; every little incident of his kindness, every stratagem of his inventive good nature, he dwelt upon with eager delight, and seemed half to forget his own sorrows in recounting the services of his benefactor. I saw that it would be fruitless to ask for any account of his past calamity, or by what series of mischances he had fallen so low. I saw—I will own with some chagrin—that, with the mere selfishness of misfortune, he could not speak of anything save what bore upon his own daily life, and totally forgot *me* and all about me.

The most relentless persecution seemed to follow him from place to place. Wherever he went, fresh spies started on his track, and the history of his escapes was unending. The very fagot-cutters of the forest were in league against him, and the high price offered for his capture had drawn many into the pursuit. It was curious to mark the degree of self-importance all these recitals imparted, and how the poor fellow, starving and almost naked as he was, rose into all the imagined dignity of martyrdom, as he told of his sorrows. If he ever asked a question about Paris, it was to know what people said of *himself* and of *his* fortunes. He was thoroughly convinced that Bonaparte’s thoughts were far more occupied about him than on that empire now so nearly in his grasp, and he continued to repeat with a proud delight, “He has caught them all but *me*! I am the only one who has escaped him!” These few words suggested to me the impression that Mahon had been engaged in some plot or conspiracy; but of what nature, how composed, or how discovered, it was impossible to arrive at.

“There!” said he, at last, “there is the dawn breaking! I must be off. I must now make for the thickest part of the wood till nightfall. There are hiding-places there known to none save my-

self. The bloodhounds cannot track me where I go.”

His impatience became now extreme. Every instant seemed full of peril to him now; every rustling leaf and every waving branch a warning. I was unable to satisfy myself how far this might be well-founded terror, or a vague and causeless fear. At one moment I inclined to this—at another, to the opposite impression. Assuredly nothing could be more complete than the precautions he took against discovery. His lamp was concealed in the hollow of a tree; the leaves that formed his bed he scattered and strewed carelessly on every side; he erased even the foot-tracks on the clay; and then, gathering up his tattered cloak, prepared to set out.

“When are we to meet again, and where?” said I, grasping his hand.

He stopped suddenly, and passed his hand over his brow, as if reflecting. “You must see Caillon; Jacques will tell you all,” said he, solemnly. “Good-bye. Do not follow me. I will not be tracked;” and with a proud gesture of his hand he motioned me back.

Poor fellow! I saw that any attempt to reason with him would be in vain at such a moment; and, determining to seek out the garde de chasse, I turned away slowly and sorrowfully.

“What have been *my* vicissitudes of fortune compared to *his*?” thought I. “The proud colonel of a cavalry regiment, a beggar and an outcast!” The great puzzle to me was, whether insanity had been the cause or the consequence of his misfortunes. Caillon will, perhaps, be able to tell me his story, said I to myself; and, thus ruminating, I returned to where I had picqueted my horse three hours before. My old dragoon experiences had taught me how to “hobble” a horse, as it is called, by passing the bridle beneath the counter before tying it, and so I found him just as I left him.

The sun was now up, and I could see that a wide track led off through the forest straight before me. I accordingly mounted, and struck into a sharp canter. About an hour’s riding brought me to a small clearing, in the midst of which stood a neat and picturesque cottage, over the door of which was painted the words “Station de Chasse—No. 4.” In a little garden in front, a man was working in his shirt sleeves, but his military trowsers at once proclaimed him the “garde.” He stopped as I came up, and eyed me sharply.

“Is this the road to Belleville?” said I.

“You can go this way, but it takes you two miles of a round,” replied he, coming closer, and scanning me keenly.

“You can tell me, perhaps, where Jacques Caillon, garde de chasse, is to be found?”

“I am Jacques Caillon, sir,” was the answer, as he saluted in soldier fashion, while a look of anxiety stole over his face.

“I have something to speak to you about,” said I, dismounting, and giving him the bridle of my

horse. "Throw him some corn, if you have got it, and then let us talk together;" and with this I walked into the garden, and seated myself on a bench.

If Jacques be an old soldier, thought I, the only way is to come the officer over him; discipline and obedience are never forgotten, and whatever chances I may have of his confidence will depend on how much I seem his superior. It appeared as if this conjecture was well founded, for as Jacques came back, his manner betrayed every sign of respect and deference. There was an expression of almost fear in his face as, with his hand to his cap, he asked, "What were my orders?"

The very deference of his air was disconcerting, and so, assuming a look of easy cordiality, I said—

"First, I will ask you to give me something to eat; and, secondly, to give me your company for half an hour."

Jacques promised both, and, learning that I preferred my breakfast in the open air, proceeded to arrange the table under a blossoming chestnut-tree.

"Are you quite alone here?" asked I, as he passed back and forward.

"Quite alone, sir; and except a stray fagot-cutter or a chance traveller who may have lost his way, I never see a human face from year's end to year's end. It's a lonely thing for an old soldier, too," said he, with a sigh.

"I know more than one who would envy you, Jacques," said I, and the words made him almost start as I spoke them. The coffee was now ready, and I proceeded to make my breakfast with all the appetite of a long fast.

There was, indeed, but little to inspire awe, or even deference in my personal appearance—a threadbare undress frock and a worn-out old foraging cap were all the marks of my soldierlike estate; and yet, from Jacques' manner, one might have guessed me to be a general at the least. He attended me with the stiff propriety of the parade, and when, at last, induced to take a seat, he did so full two yards off from the table, and arose almost every time he was spoken to. Now it was quite clear that the honest soldier did not know me either as the hero of Kehl, of Ireland, or of Genoa. Great achievements as they were, they were wonderfully little noised about the world, and a man might frequent mixed companies every day of the week, and never hear of one of them. So far, then, I was certain it could not be my fame had imposed on him, and, as I have already hinted, it could scarcely be my general appearance. Who knows, thought I, but I owe all this obsequious deference to my horse? If Jacques be an old cavalry-man, he will have remarked that the beast is of great value, and doubtless argue to the worth of the rider from the merits of his "mount." If this explanation was not the most flattering, it was, at all events, the best I could hit on; and, with a natural reference to what was passing in my own mind, I asked him if he had looked to my horse?

"Oh, yes, sir," said he, reddening suddenly,

"I have taken off the saddle, and thrown him his corn."

What the deuce does his confusion mean? thought I; the fellow looks as if he had half a mind to run away, merely because I asked him a simple question.

"I've had a sharp ride," said I, rather by way of saying something, "and I should n't wonder if he was a little fatigued."

"Scarcely so, sir," said he, with a faint smile; "he's old, now, but it's not a little will tire him."

"You know him, then," said I, quickly.

"Ay, sir, and have known him for eighteen years. He was in the second squadron of our regiment; the major rode him two entire campaigns!"

The reader may guess that his history was interesting to me, from perceiving the impression the reminiscence made on the relator, and I inquired what became of him after that.

"He was wounded by a shot at Neuwied, and sold into the train, where they could n't manage him; and after three years, when horses grew scarce, he came back into the cavalry. A sergeant-major of lancers was killed on him at 'Zwei Brucken.' That was the fourth rider he brought mishap to, not to say a farrier whom he dashed to pieces in his stable."

Ah, Jack, thought I, I have it; it is a piece of old-soldier superstition about this mischievous horse has inspired all the man's respect and reverence; and, if a little disappointed in the mystery, I was so far pleased at having discovered the clue.

"But I have found him quiet enough," said I; "I never backed him till yesterday, and he has carried me well and peaceably."

"Ah, that he will now, I warrant him; since the day a shell burst under him at Waitzen he never showed any vice. The wound nearly left the ribs bare, and he was for months and months invalided; after that he was sold out of the cavalry, I don't know where or to whom. The next I saw of him was in his present service."

"Then you are acquainted with the present owner?" asked I, eagerly.

"As every Frenchman is!" was the curt rejoinder.

"Parbleu! it will seem a droll confession, then, when I tell you that I myself do not even know his name."

The look of contempt these words brought to my companion's face could not, it seemed, be either repressed or concealed; and although my conscience acquitted me of deserving such a glance, I own that I felt insulted by it.

"You are pleased to disbelieve me, Master Caillon," said I, sternly, "which makes me suppose that you are neither so old nor so good a soldier as I fancied; at least, in the corps I had the honor to serve with, the word of an officer was respected like an 'order of the day.'"

He stood erect as if on parade, under this rebuke, but made no answer.

"Had you simply expressed surprise at what I said, I would have given you the explanation frankly and freely; as it is, I shall content myself with repeating what I said—I do not even know his name."

The same imperturbable look and the same silence met me as before.

"Now, sir, I ask you how this gentleman is called, whom I, alone of all France, am ignorant of?"

"Monsieur Fouché," said he, calmly.

"What! Fouché, the minister of police?"

This time, at least, my agitated looks seemed to move him, for he replied, quietly—

"The same, sir. The horse has the brand of the 'ministere' on his haunch."

"And where is the ministere?" cried I, eagerly.

"In the Rue des Victoires, monsieur."

"But he lives in the country, in a chateau near this very forest."

"Where does he not live, monsieur? At Versailles, at St. Germain, in the Luxembourg, in the Marais, at Neuilly, the Battignolles. I have carried despatches to him in every quarter of Paris. Ah, monsieur, what secret are you in possession of that it was worth while to lay so subtle a trap to catch you?"

This question, put in all the frank abruptness of a sudden thought, immediately revealed everything before me.

"Is it not as I have said?" resumed he, still looking at my agitated face; "is it not as I have said—monsieur is in the web of the mouchards?"

"Good heavens! is such baseness possible?" was all that I could utter.

"I'll wager a piece of five francs I can read the mystery," said Jacques. "You served on Moreau's staff, or with Pichegru in Holland; you either have some of the general's letters, or you can be supposed to have them, at all events; you remember many private conversations held with him on politics; you can charge your memory with a number of strong facts; and you can, if needed, draw up a memoir of all your intercourse. I know the system well, for I was a mouchard myself."

"You a police spy, Jacques?"

"Ay, sir; I was appointed without knowing what services were expected from me, or the duties of my station. Two months' trial, however, showed that I was 'incapable,' and proved that a smart sous-officier is not necessarily a scoundrel. They dismissed me as impracticable, and made me garde de chasse; and they were right, too. Whether I was dressed up in a snuff-brown suit, like a bourgeois of the Rue St. Denis; whether they attired me as a farmer from the provinces, a retired maitre-de-poste, an old officer, or the conducteur of a diligence, I was always Jacques Caillon. Through everything, wigs and beards, lace or rags, jack-boots or sabots, it was all alike; and while others could pass weeks in the Pays Latin as students, country doctors, or 'no-

taires de village,' I was certain to be detected by every brat that walked the streets."

"What a system! And so these fellows assume every disguise?" asked I, my mind full of my late rencontre.

"That they do, monsieur. There is one fellow, a Provençal by birth, has played more characters than ever did Brunet himself. I have known him as a laquais de place, a cook to an English nobleman, a letter-carrier, a flower-girl, a cornet-a-piston in the opera, and a curé from the Ardèche."

"A curé from the Ardèche?" exclaimed I.

"Then I am a ruined man."

"What! has monsieur fallen in with Paul?" cried he, laughing. "Was he begging for a small contribution to repair the roof of his little chapel, or was it a fire that had devastated his village? Did the altar want a new covering, or the curé a vestment? Was it a canopy for the fête of the Virgin, or a few sous towards the 'Orphelines de St. Jude?'"

"None of these," said I, half angrily, for the theme was no jesting one to me. "It was a poor girl that had been carried away."

"Lisette, the miller's daughter, or the school-master's niece?" broke he in, laughing. "He must have known you were new to Paris, monsieur, that he took so little trouble about a deception. And you met him at the 'Charette rouge' in the Marais?"

"No; at a little ordinary in the Quai Voltaire!"

"Better again. Why, half the company there are mouchards. It is one of their rallying points, where they exchange tokens and information. The laborers, the beggars, the fishermen of the Seine, the hawkers of old books, the venders of gilt ornaments, are all spies; the most miserable creature that implored charity behind your chair as you sat at dinner, has, perhaps, his ten francs a day on the roll of the Prefecture! Ah, monsieur! If I had not been a poor pupil of that school, I'd have at once seen that you were a victim, and not a follower; but I soon detected my error—my education taught me at least so much!"

I had no relish for the self-gratulation of honest Jacques, uttered, as it was, at my own expense. Indeed, I had no thought for anything but the entanglement into which I had so stupidly involved myself; and I could not endure the recollection of my foolish credulity, now that all the paltry machinery of the deceit was brought before me. All my regard, dashed as it was with pity for the poor curé; all my compassionate interest for the dear Lisette; all my benevolent solicitude for the sick count, who was neither more nor less than Monsieur Fouché himself, were anything but pleasant reminiscences now, and I cursed my own stupidity with an honest sincerity that greatly amused my companion.

"And is France come to this?" cried I, pas-

sionately, and trying to console myself by inveighing against the government.

"Even so, sir," said Jacques. "I heard Monsieur de Talleyrand say as much the other day, as I waited behind his chair. It is only 'dans les bonnes maisons,' said he, 'that servants ever listen at the doors; depend upon it, then, that a secret police is a strong symptom that we are returning to a monarchy.'"

It was plain that even in his short career in the police service, Caillon had acquired certain shrewd habits of thought, and some power of judgment, and so I freely communicated to him the whole of my late adventure from the moment of my leaving the Temple to the time of my setting out for the chateau.

"You have told me everything but one, monsieur," said he, as I finished. "How came you ever to have heard the name of so humble a person as Jacques Caillon, for you remember you asked for me as you rode up?"

"I was just coming to that point, Jacques; and, as you will see, it was not an omission in my narrative, only that I had not reached so far."

I then proceeded to recount my night in the forest, and my singular meeting with poor Mahon, which he listened to with great attention and some anxiety.

"The poor colonel!" said he, breaking in, "I suppose he is a hopeless case; his mind can never come right again."

"But if the persecution were to cease; if he were at liberty to appear once more in the world——"

"What if there was no persecution, sir?" broke in Jacques. "What if the whole were a mere dream, or fancy? He is neither tracked nor followed. It is not such harmless game the blood-hounds of the Rue des Victoires scent out."

"Was it, then, some mere delusion drove him from the service?" said I, surprised.

"I never said so much as that," replied Jacques. "Colonel Mahon has foul injury to complain of, but his present sufferings are the inflictions of his own terror; he fancies that the whole power of France is at war with him; that every engine of the government is directed against him; with a restless fear he flies from village to village, fancying pursuit everywhere: even kindness now he is distrustful of, and the chances are that he will quit the forest this very day, merely because he met you there."

From being of all men the most open-hearted and frank, he had become the most suspicious; he trusted nothing nor any one; and if for a moment a burst of his old generous nature would return, it was sure to be followed by some excess of distrust that made him miserable almost to despair. Jacques was obliged to fall in with this humor, and only assist him by stealth and by stratagem; he was even compelled to chime in with all his notions about pursuit and danger, to suggest frequent change of place, and endless precautions against discovery.

"Were I for once to treat him frankly, and ask him to share my home with me," said Jacques, "I should never see him more."

"What could have poisoned so noble a nature?" cried I; "when I saw him last he was the very type of generous confidence."

"Where was that, and when?" asked Jacques.

"It was at Nancy, on the march for the Rhine."

"His calamities had not fallen on him then. He was a proud man in those days, but it was a pride that well became him; he was the colonel of a great regiment, and for bravery had a reputation second to none."

"He was married, I think?"

"No, sir; he was never married!"

As Jacques said this, he arose, and moved slowly away as though he would not be questioned further. His mind, too, seemed full of its own crowding memories, for he looked completely absorbed in thought, and never noticed my presence for a considerable time. At last he appeared to have decided some doubtful issue within himself, and said—

"Come, sir, let us stroll into the shade of the wood, and I'll tell you in a few words the cause of the poor colonel's ruin—for ruin it is! Even were all the injustice to be revoked to-morrow, the wreck of his heart could never be repaired."

We walked along, side by side, for some time, before Jacques spoke again, when he gave me, in brief and simple words, the following sorrowful story. It was such a type of the age, so pregnant with the terrible lessons of the time, that, although not without some misgivings, I repeat it here, as it was told to myself, premising that however scant may be the reader's faith in many of the incidents of my own narrative—and I neither beg for his trust in me, nor seek to entrap it—I implore him to believe that what I am now about to tell was a plain matter of fact, and, save in the change of one name, not a single circumstance is owing to imagination.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN EPISODE OF '94.

WHEN the French army fell back across the Sambre, after the battle of Mons, a considerable portion of the rear, who covered the retreat, were cut off by the enemy, for it became their onerous duty to keep the allied forces in check, while the Republicans took measures to secure and hold fast the three bridges over the river. In this service many distinguished French officers fell, and many more were left badly wounded on the field; among the latter was a young captain of dragoons, who, with his hand nearly severed by a sabre cut, yet found strength enough to crawl under cover of a hedge, and there lie down in the fierce resolve to die where he was, rather than surrender himself as a prisoner.

Although the allied forces had gained the battle, they quickly foresaw that the ground they had won was untenable; and scarcely had night closed in when they began their preparations to fall back.

With strong picquets of observation to watch the bridges, they slowly withdrew their columns towards Mons, posting the artillery on the heights around Grandrengs. From these movements, the ground of the late struggle became comparatively deserted, and, before day began to dawn, not a sound was heard over its wide expanse, save the faint moan of a dying soldier, or the low rumble of a cart, as some spoiler of the dead stole stealthily along. Among the demoralizing effects of war, none was more striking than the number of the peasantry who betook themselves to this infamous trade; and who, neglecting all thoughts of honest industry, devoted themselves to robbery and plunder. The lust of gain did not stop with the spoil of the dead, but the wounded were often found stripped of everything, and in some cases the traces of fierce struggle, and the wounds of knives and hatchets, showed that murder had consummated the iniquity of these wretches.

In part from motives of pure humanity, in part from feelings of a more interested nature—for the terror to what this demoralization would tend was now great and wide-spread—the nobles and gentry of the land instituted a species of society to reward those who might succor the wounded, and who displayed any remarkable zeal in their care for the sufferers after a battle. This generous philanthropy was irrespective of country, and extended its benevolence to the soldiers of either army; of course, personal feeling enjoyed all its liberty of preference, but it is fair to say that the cases were few where the wounded man could detect the political leanings of his benefactor.

The immense granaries, so universal in the Low Countries, were usually fitted up as hospitals, and many rooms of the chateau itself were often devoted to the same purpose, the various individuals of the household, from the "seigneur" to the lowest menial, assuming some office in the great work of charity; and it was a curious thing to see how the luxurious indolence of chateau life became converted into the zealous activity of useful benevolence; and not less curious to the moralist to observe how the emergent pressure of great crime so instinctively, as it were, suggested this display of virtuous humanity.

It was a little before day-break that a small cart drawn by a mule drew up beside the spot where the wounded dragoon sat, with his shattered arm bound up in his sash, calmly waiting for the death that his sinking strength told could not be far distant. As the peasant approached him, he grasped his sabre in the left hand, resolved on making a last and bold resistance; but the courteous salutation, and the kindly look of the honest countryman, soon showed that he was come on no errand of plunder, while, in the few words of bad French he could muster, he explained his purpose.

"No, no, my kind friend," said the officer, "your labor would only be lost on me. It is nearly all over already! A little further on in

the field, yonder, where that copse stands, you'll find some poor fellow or other better worth your care, and more like to benefit by it. Adieu!"

But neither the farewell, nor the abrupt gesture that accompanied it, could turn the honest peasant from his purpose. There was something that interested him in this very disregard of life, as well as in the personal appearance of the sufferer, and, without further colloquy, he lifted the half fainting form into the cart, and, disposing the straw comfortably on either side of him, set out homeward. The wounded man was almost indifferent to what happened, and never spoke a word nor raised his head as they went along. About three hours' journey brought them to a large old-fashioned chateau beside the Sambre, an immense straggling edifice which, with a façade of nearly a hundred windows, looked out upon the river. Although now in disrepair and neglect, with ill-trimmed alleys and grass-grown terraces, it had been once a place of great pretensions, and associated with some of the palmiest days of Flemish hospitality. The Chateau d'Overbecque was the property of a certain rich merchant of Antwerp, named D'Aerschot, one of the oldest families of the land, and was, at the time we speak of, the temporary abode of his only son, who had gone there to pass the honeymoon. Except that they were both young, neither of them yet twenty, two people could not easily be found so discrepant in every circumstance and every quality. He the true descendant of a Flemish house, plodding, commonplace, and methodical, hating show, and detesting expense. She a lively, volatile girl, bursting with desire to see and be seen, fresh from the restraint of a convent at Bruges, and anxious to mix in all the pleasures and dissipations of the world. Like all marriages in their condition, it had been arranged without their knowledge or consent; circumstances of fortune made the alliance suitable; so many hundred thousand florins on one side were wedded to an equivalent on the other, and the young people were married to facilitate the "transaction."

That he was not a little shocked at the gay frivolity of his beautiful bride, and she as much disappointed at the staid demureness of her stolid-looking husband, is not to be wondered at; but their friends knew well that time would smooth down greater discrepancies than even these; and if there was a country the monotony of whose life could subdue all to its own leaden tone, it was Holland in old days. Whether engaged in the active pursuit of gain in the great cities, or enjoying the luxurious repose of chateau life, a dull, dreary uniformity pervaded everything—the same topics, the same people, the same landscape, recurred day after day; and, save what the season induced, there was nothing of change in the whole round of their existence. And what a dull honeymoon was it for that young bride at the old chateau of Overbecque! To toil along the deep sandy roads in a lumbering old coach with two long-tailed black horses—to halt

at some little eminence, and strain the eyes over a long unbroken flat, where a windmill, miles off, was an object of interest—to loiter beside the bank of a sluggish canal, and gaze on some tasteless excrecence of a summer-house, whose owner could not be distinguished from the wooden effigy that sat, pipe in mouth, beside him—to dine in the unbroken silence of a funeral feast, and doze away the afternoon over the “*Handelsblatt*,” while her husband smoked himself into the seventh heaven of a Dutch Elysium—Poor Caroline! this was a sorry realization of all her bright dreamings! It ought to be borne in mind, that many descendants of high French families, who were either too proud or too poor to emigrate to England or America, had sought refuge from the Revolution in the convents of the Low Countries; where, without entering an order, they lived in all the discipline of a religious community. These ladies, many of whom had themselves mixed in all the elegant dissipation of the court, carried with them the most fascinating reminiscences of a life of pleasure, and could not readily forget the voluptuous enjoyments of Versailles, and the graceful caprices of “*La Petit Trianon*.” From such sources as these the young pupils drew all their ideas of the world, and assuredly it could have scarcely worn colors more likely to fascinate such imaginations.

What a shortcoming was the wearisome routine of Overbecque to a mind full of all the refined follies of Marie Antoinette’s court! Even war and its chances offered a pleasurable contrast to such dull monotony, and the young bride hailed with eagerness the excitement and bustle of the moving armies—the long columns which poured along the high road, and the clanking artillery, heard for miles off! Monsieur D’Aerschot, like all his countrymen who held property near the frontier, was too prudent to have any political bias. Madame was, however, violently French. The people who had such admirable taste in “*toilette*,” could scarcely be wrong in the theories of government; and a nation so invariably correct in dress, could hardly be astray in morals. Besides this, all their notions of morality were as pliant and as easy to wear as their own well-fitting garments. Nothing was wrong but what *looked* ungracefully; everything was right that sat becomingly on her who did it. A short code, and wonderfully easy to learn. If I have dealt somewhat tediously on these tendencies of the time, it is that I may pass the more glibly over the consequences, and not pause upon the details by which the young French captain’s residence at Overbecque gradually grew, from the intercourse of kindness and good offices, to be a close friendship with his host, and as much of regard and respectful devotion as consisted with the position of his young and charming hostess.

He thought her, as she certainly was, very beautiful; she rode to perfection, she sung delightfully; she had all the volatile gayety of a happy child, with the graceful ease of coming womanhood. Her very passion for excitement

gave a kind of life and energy to the dull old chateau, and made her momentary absence felt as a dreary blank.

It is not my wish to speak of the feelings suggested by the contrast between her husband and the gay and chivalrous young soldier, nor how little such comparisons tended to allay the repinings at her lot. Their first effect was, however, to estrange her more and more from D’Aerschot, a change which he accepted with the most Dutch indifference. Possibly, piqued by this, or desirous of awakening his jealousy, she made more advances towards the other, selecting him as the companion of her walks, and passing the greater part of each day in his society. Nothing could be more honorable than the young soldier’s conduct in this trying position. The qualities of agreeability which he had previously displayed to requite, in some sort, the hospitality of his hosts, he now gradually restrained, avoiding as far as he could, without remark, the society of the young countess, and even feigning indisposition, to escape from the perils of her intimacy.

He did more—he exerted himself to draw D’Aerschot more out, to make him exhibit the shrewd intelligence which lay buried beneath his native apathy, and display powers of thought and reflection of no mean order. Alas! these very efforts on his part only increased the mischief, by adding generosity to his other virtues! He now saw all the danger in which he was standing, and, although still weak and suffering, resolved to take his departure. There was none of the concealed vanity of a coxcomb in this knowledge. He heartily deplored the injury he had unwittingly done, and the sorry return he had made for all their generous hospitality.

There was not a moment to be lost; but the very evening before, as they walked together in the garden, she had confessed to him the misery in which she lived by recounting the story of her ill-sorted marriage. What it cost him to listen to that sad tale with seeming coldness—to hear her afflictions without offering one word of kindness; nay, to proffer merely some dry, harsh counsels of patience and submission, while he added something very like rebuke for her want of that assiduous affection which should have been given to her husband.

Unaccustomed to even the slightest censure, she could scarcely trust her ears as she heard him. Had she humiliated herself, by such a confession, to be met by advice like this? And was it *he* that should reproach her for the very faults his own intimacy had engendered? She could not endure the thought, and she felt that she could hate, just at the very moment when she knew she loved him!

They parted in anger—reproaches, the most cutting and bitter, on her part; coldness, far more wounding, on his! Sarcastic compliments upon his generosity, replied to by as sincere expressions of respectful friendship. What hypocrisy and self-deceit together! And yet deep beneath all lay the firm resolve for future

victory. Her wounded self-love was irritated, and she was not one to turn from an unfinished purpose. As for him, he waited till all was still and silent in the house, and then seeking out D' Aerschot's chamber, thanked him most sincerely for all his kindness, and, affecting a hurried order to join his service, departed. While in her morning dreams she was fancying conquest, he was already miles away on the road to France.

It was about three years after this that a number of French officers were seated one evening in front of a little café in Freyburg. The town was crammed with troops moving down to occupy the passes of the Rhine, near the Lake of Constance, and every hour saw fresh arrivals pouring in, dusty and wayworn from the march. The necessity for a sudden massing of the troops in a particular spot compelled the generals to employ every possible means of conveyance to forward the men to their destination, and from the lumbering old diligence with ten horses, to the light charette with one, all were engaged in this pressing service.

When men were weary and unable to march forward, they were taken up for twelve or fourteen miles, after which they proceeded on their way, making room for others, and thus forty, and even fifty miles were often accomplished in the same day.

The group before the café were amusing themselves criticising the strange appearance of the new arrivals, many of whom certainly made their entry in the least military fashion possible. Here came a great country wagon, with forty infantry soldiers all sleeping on the straw. Here followed a staff-officer trying to look quite at his ease in a donkey-cart. Unwieldy old bullock-carts were filled with men, and a half-starved mule tottered along with a drummer-boy in one pannier, and camp-kettles in the other.

He who was fortunate enough to secure a horse for himself, was obliged to carry the swords and weapons of his companions, which were all hung around and about him on every side, together with helmets and shakos of all shapes and sizes, whose owners were fain to cover their head with the less soldierlike appendages of a nightcap or a handkerchief. Nearly all who marched carried their caps on their muskets, for in such times as these all discipline is relaxed, save such as is indispensable to the maintenance of order; and so far was freedom conceded, that some were to be seen walking barefoot in the ranks, while their shoes were suspended by a string on their backs. The rule seemed to be, "Get forward—it matters not how—only get forward!"

And with French troops, such relaxation of strict discipline is always practicable; the instincts of obedience return at the first call of the bugle or the first roll of the drum: and at the word to "fall in!" every symptom of disorder vanishes, and the mass of seeming confusion becomes the steady and silent phalanx.

Many were the strange sights that passed before the eyes of the party at the café, who, having

arrived early in the day, gave themselves all the airs of ease and indolence before their wayworn comrades. Now laughing heartily at the absurdity of this one, now exchanging some good-humored jest with that, they were in the very full current of their criticism, when the sharp, shrill crack of a postilion's whip informed them that a traveller of some note was approaching. A mounted courier, all slashed with gold lace, came riding up the street at the same moment, and a short distance behind followed a handsome equipage, drawn by six horses, after which came a heavy "fourgon," with four.

One glance showed that the whole equipage betokened a wealthy owner. There was all that cumbrous machinery of comfort about it that tells of people who will not trust to the chances of the road for their daily wants. Every appliance of ease was there; and even in the self-satisfied air of the servants who lounged in the "rumble" might be read habits of affluent prosperity. A few short years back, and none would have dared to use such an equipage. The sight of so much indulgence would have awakened the fiercest rage of popular fury; but already the high fever of democracy was gradually subsiding, and bit by bit men were found reverting to old habits and old usages. Still each new indication of those tastes met a certain amount of reprobation. Some blamed openly, some condemned in secret; but all felt that there was at least impolicy in a display which would serve as pretext for the terrible excesses that were committed under the banner of "Equality."

"If we lived in the days of princes," said one of the officers, "I should say there goes one now. Just look at all the dust they are kicking up yonder; while, as if to point a moral upon greatness, they are actually stuck fast in the narrow street, and unable from their own unwieldiness to get further."

"Just so," cried another; "they want to turn down towards the 'Swan,' and there is n't space enough to wheel the leaders."

"Who or what are they?" asked a third.

"Some commissary-general, I'll be sworn," said the first. "They are the most shameless thieves going; for they are never satisfied with robbery, if they do not exhibit the spoils in public."

"I see a bonnet and a lace veil," said another, rising suddenly, and pushing through the crowd. "I'll wager it's a 'danseuse' of the Grand Opera."

"Look at Merode!" remarked the former, as he pointed to the last speaker. "See how he thrusts himself forward there. Watch, and you'll see him bow and smile to her, as if they had been old acquaintances."

The guess was so far unlucky, that Merode had no sooner come within sight of the carriage-window, than he was seen to bring his hand to the salute, and remain in an attitude of respectful attention till the equipage moved on.

"Well, Merode, who is it?—who are they?"

cried several together, as he fell back among his comrades.

"It's our new adjutant-general, parbleu!" said he, "and he caught me staring in at his pretty wife."

"Colonel Mahon!" said another, laughing; "I wish you joy of your gallantry, Merode." "And worse, still," broke in a third, "she is not his wife. She never could obtain the divorce to allow her to marry again. Some said it was the husband—a Dutchman, I believe—refused it; but the simple truth is, she never wished it herself."

"How not wish it?" remarked three or four in a breath.

"Why should she? Has she not every advantage the position could give her, and her liberty into the bargain? If we were back again in the old days of the Monarchy, I agree with you, she could not go to court; she would receive no invitations to the 'petits soupers' of the Trianon, nor be asked to join the discreet hunting-parties at Fontainebleau; but we live in less polished days; and if we have little virtue, we have less hypocrisy."

"Voila!" cried another, "only I, for one, would never believe that we are a jot more wicked or more dissolute than those powdered and perfumed scoundrels that played courtier in the king's bed-chamber."

"There, they are getting out, at the 'Tour d'Argent!'" cried another. "She is a splendid figure, and what magnificence in her dress!"

"Mahon waits on her like a laquais," muttered a grim old lieutenant of infantry.

"Rather like a well-born cavalier, I should say," interposed a young hussar. "His manner is all that it ought to be—full of devotion and respect."

"Bah!" said the former; "a soldier's wife, or a soldier's mistress—for it's all one—should know how to climb up to her place on the baggage-wagon, without three lazy rascals to catch her sleeve or her petticoats for her."

"Mahon is as gallant a soldier as any in this army," said the hussar; "and I'd not be in the man's coat who disparaged him in anything."

"By St. Denis!" broke in another, "he's not more brave than he is fortunate. Let me tell you, it's no slight luck to chance upon so lovely a woman as that, with such an immense fortune, too."

"Is she rich?"

"Enormously rich. He has nothing. An émigré of good family, I believe, but without a sou; and see how he travels yonder."

While this conversation was going forward, the new arrivals had alighted at the chief inn of the town, and were being installed in the principal suite of rooms, which opened on a balcony over the "Place." The active preparations of the host to receive such distinguished guests—the hurrying of servants here and there—the blaze of wax-lights that shone half way across the

street beneath—and, lastly, the appearance of a regimental band to play under the windows—were all circumstances well calculated to sustain and stimulate that spirit of sharp criticism which the group around the café were engaged in.

The discussion was, however, suddenly interrupted by the entrance of an officer, at whose appearance every one arose and stood in attitudes of respectful attention. Scarcely above the middle size, and more remarkable for the calm and intellectual cast of his features, than for that air of military pride then so much in vogue amongst the French troops—he took his place at a small table near the door, and called for his coffee. It was only when he was seated, and that by a slight gesture he intimated his wishes to that effect, that the others resumed their places, and continued the conversation, but in a lower, more subdued tone.

"What distinguished company have we got yonder?" said he, after about half an hour's quiet contemplation of the crowd before the inn, and the glaring illumination from the windows.

"Colonel Mahon, of the Fifth Cuirassiers, general," replied an officer.

"Our republican simplicity is not so self-denying a system, after all, gentlemen," said the general, smiling half sarcastically. "Is he very rich?"

"His mistress is, general," was the prompt reply.

"Bah!" said the general, as he threw his cigar away, and, with a contemptuous expression of look, arose and walked away.

"Parbleu! he's going to the inn," cried an officer, who peered out after him; "I'll be sworn Mahon will get a heavy reprimand for all this display and ostentation."

"And why not?" said another. "Is it when men are arriving half dead with fatigue, without rations, without billets, glad to snatch a few hours' rest on the stones of the Place, that the colonel of a regiment should travel with all the state of an eastern despot?"

"We might as well have the Monarchy back again," said an old weather-beaten captain; "I say far better, for their vices sat gracefully and becomingly on those essenced scoundrels, whereas they but disfigure the plainness of our daily habits."

"All this is sheer envy, comrades," broke in a young major of hussars, "sheer envy; or, what is worse, downright hypocrisy. Not one of us is a whit better or more moral than if he wore the livery of a king, and carried a crown on his shako instead of that naked damsel that represents French Liberty. Mahon is the luckiest fellow going, and, I heartily believe, the most deserving of his fortune! And see if General Moreau be not of my opinion. There he is on the balcony, and she is leaning on his arm."

"Parbleu! the major is right!" said another; "but, for certain, it was not in that humor he left us just now; his lips were closely puckered up, and his fingers were twisted into his sword-knot—

two signs of anger and displeasure, there's no mistaking."

"If he's in a better temper, then," said another, "it was never the smiles of a pretty woman worked the change. There's not a man in France so thoroughly indifferent to such blandishments."

"Tant pis pour lui," said the major; "but they are closing the window shutters, and we may as well go home."

CHAPTER XLV.—THE CABINET OF A CHEF-DE-PO-LICE.

WHATEVER opinion may be formed of the character of the celebrated conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, the mode of its discovery, and the secret rules by which its plans were detected, are among the great triumphs of police skill. From the hour when the conspirators first met together in London, to that last fatal moment when they expired in the Temple, the agents of Fouché never ceased to track them.

Their individual tastes and ambitions were studied; their habits carefully investigated; everything that could give a clue to their turn of thought or mind well weighed; so that the Consular Government was not only in possession of all their names and rank, but knew thoroughly the exact amount of complicity attaching to each, and could distinguish between the reckless violence of Georges, and the more tempered, but higher, ambition of Moreau. It was a long while doubtful whether the great general would be implicated in the scheme. His habitual reserve—a habit less of caution than of constitutional delicacy—had led him to few intimacies, and nothing like even one close friendship; he moved little in society; he corresponded with none, save on the duties of the service. Fouché's well-known boast of, "Give me two words of a man's writing and I'll hang him," were then scarcely applicable here.

To attack such a man unsuccessfully, and to arraign him on a weak indictment, would have been ruin; and yet Bonaparte's jealousy of his great rival pushed him even to this peril, rather than risk the growing popularity of his name with the army.

Fouché, and, it is said also, Talleyrand, did all they could to dissuade the First Consul from this attempt, but he was fixed and immutable in his resolve, and the police minister at once addressed himself to his task with all his accustomed cleverness.

High play was one of the great vices of the day. It was a time of wild and varied excitement, and men sought, even in their dissipations, the whirlwind passions that stirred them in active life. Moreau, however, was no gambler; it was said that he never could succeed in learning a game. He, whose mind could comprehend the most complicated question of strategy, was obliged to confess himself conquered by *ecarte*! So much for the vaunted intellectuality of the play table! Neither was he addicted to wine. All his

habits were temperate, even to the extent of unsociality.

A man who spoke little, and wrote less, who indulged in no dissipations, nor seemed to have taste for any, was a difficult subject to treat; and so Fouché found, as, day after day, his spies reported to him the utter failure of all their schemes to entrap him. Lajolais, the friend of Pichegru, and the man who betrayed him, was the chief instrument the police minister used to obtain secret information. Being well born, and possessed of singularly pleasing manners, he had the *entrée* of the best society of Paris, where his gay, easy humor made him a great favorite. Lajolais, however, could never penetrate into the quiet domesticity of Moreau's life, nor make any greater inroad on his intimacy than a courteous salutation as they passed each other in the garden of the Luxembourg. At the humble restaurant where he dined each day for two francs, the "General," as he was distinctively called, never spoke to any one. Unobtrusive and quiet, he occupied a little table in a recess of the window, and arose the moment he finished his humble meal. After this he was seen to be in the garden of the Luxembourg, with a cigar and a book, or sometimes without either, seated pensively under a tree for hours together.

If he had been conscious of the "espionage" established over all his actions, he could scarcely have adopted a more guarded or more tantalizing policy. To the verbal communications of Pichegru and Armand Polignac, he returned vague replies; their letters he never answered at all, and Lajolais had to confess that, after two months of close pursuit, the game was as far from him as ever!

"You have come to repeat the old song to me, Monsieur Lajolais," said Fouché one evening, as his wily subordinate entered the room; "you have nothing to tell me, eh?"

"Very little, Monsieur le Ministre, but still something. I have at last found out where Moreau spends all his evenings. I told you that about half-past nine o'clock every night all lights were extinguished in his quarters, and, from the unbroken stillness, it was conjectured that he had retired to bed. Now it seems that, about an hour later, he is accustomed to leave his house, and, crossing the Place de l'Odéon, to enter the little street called the 'Allée Caire,' where, in a small house next but one to the corner, resides a certain officer, 'en retraite'—a Colonel Mahon of the Cuirassiers."

"A Royalist?"

"This is suspected, but not known. His politics, however, are not in question here; the attraction is of a different order."

"Ha! I perceive; he has a wife or a daughter."

"Better still, a mistress. You may have heard of the famous Caroline de Stassart, that married a Dutchman named D'Aerschot."

"Madame Laure, as they called her," said Fouché, laughing.

"The same. She has lived as Mahon's wife for some years, and was as such introduced into society; in fact, there is no reason, seeing what society is in these days, that she should not participate in all its pleasures."

"No matter for that," broke in Fouché; "Bonaparte will not have it so. He wishes that matters should go back to the old footing, and wisely remarks, that it is only in savage life that people or vices go without clothing."

"Be it so, monsieur. In the present case no such step is necessary. I know her maid, and from her I have heard that her mistress is heartily tired of her protector. It was originally a sudden fancy, taken when she knew nothing of life—had neither seen anything, nor been herself seen. By the most wasteful habits she has dissipated all, or nearly all, her own large fortune, and involved Mahon heavily in debt; and they are thus reduced to a life of obscurity and poverty—the very things the least endurable to all her notions."

"Well, does she care for Moreau?" asked Fouché, quickly; for all stories to his ear only resolved themselves into some question of utility or gain.

"No, but he does for her. About a year back she did take a liking to him. He was returning from his great German campaign, covered with honors and rich in fame; but as her imagination is captivated by splendor, while her heart remains perfectly cold and intact, Moreau's simple, unpretending habits quickly effaced the memory of his hard-won glory, and now she is quite indifferent to him."

"And who is her idol now, for, of course, she has one?" asked Fouché.

"You would scarcely guess," said Lajolais.

"Parbleu! I hope it is not myself," said Fouché, laughing.

"No, Monsieur le Ministre, her admiration is not so well placed. The man who has captivated her present fancy is neither good-looking nor well-mannered; he is short and abrupt of speech, careless in dress, utterly indifferent to women's society, and almost rude to them."

"You have drawn the very picture of a man to be adored by them," said Fouché, with a dry laugh.

"I suppose so," said the other with a sigh; "or General Ney would not have made this conquest."

"Ah! it is Ney, then. And he, what of him?"

"It is hard to say. As long as she lived in a grand house of the Rue St. Georges, where he could dine four days a week, and, in his dirty boots and unbrushed frock, mix with all the fashion and elegance of the capital; while he could stretch full length on a Persian ottoman, and brush the cinders from his cigar against a statuette by Canova, or a gold-embroidered hanging; while in the midst of the most voluptuous decorations he alone could be dirty and uncared

for, I really believe that he did care for her, at least, so far as ministering to his own enjoyments; but in a miserable lodging of the 'Allée de Caire,' without equipage, lackeys, liveried footmen——"

"To be sure," interrupted Fouché, "one might as well pretend to be fascinated by the beauty of a landscape the day after it has been desolated by an earthquake. Ney is right! Well, now, Monsieur Lajolais, where does all this bring us to?"

"Very near to the end of our journey, Monsieur le Ministre. Madame, or Mademoiselle, is most anxious to regain her former position; she longs for all the luxurious splendor she used to live in. Let us but show her this rich reward, and she will be our own!"

"In my trade, Monsieur Lajolais, generalities are worth nothing. Give me details; let me know how you would proceed."

"Easily enough, sir; Mahon must first of all be disposed of, and perhaps the best way will be to have him arrested for debt. This will not be difficult, for his bills are everywhere. Once in the Temple, she will never think more of him. It must then be her task to obtain the most complete influence over Moreau. She must affect the deepest interest in the Royalist cause; I'll furnish her with all the watch-words of the party, and Moreau, who never trusts a man, will open all his confidence to a woman."

"Very good, go on!" cried Fouché, gathering fresh interest as the plot began to reveal itself before him.

"He hates writing; she will be his secretary, embodying all his thoughts and suggestions; and, now and then, for *her own guidance*, obtaining little scraps in his hand. If he be too cautious here, I will advise her to remove to Geneva, for change of air; he likes Switzerland, and will follow her immediately."

"This will do; at least it looks practicable," said Fouché thoughtfully; "is she equal to the part you would assign her?"

"Ay, sir, and to a higher one, too! She has considerable ability, and great ambition; her present narrow fortune has irritated and disgusted her; the moment is most favorable for us."

"If she should play us false," said Fouché, half aloud.

"From all I can learn, there is no risk of this; there is a headlong determination in her, when once she has conceived a plan, from which nothing turns her; overlooking all but her object, she will brave anything, do anything to attain it."

"Bonaparte was right in what he said of Necker's daughter," said Fouché, musingly, "and there is no doubt it adds wonderfully to a woman's head, that she has no heart. And now, the price, Master Lajolais; remember that our treasury received some deadly wounds lately—what is to be the price?"

"It may be a smart one; she is not likely to be a cheap purchase."

"In the event of success—I mean of such proof as may enable us to arrest Moreau, and commit him to prison—" He stopped as he got thus far, and paused for some seconds—"Bethink you, then, Lajolais," said he, "what a grand step this would be, and how terrible the consequences if undertaken on rash or insufficient grounds. Moreau's popularity with the army is only second to one man's! His unambitious character has made him many friends; he has few, very few enemies."

"But you need not push matters to the last—an implied, but not a proven, guilt would be enough; and you can pardon him!"

"Ay, Lajolais, but who would pardon us?" cried Fouché, carried beyond all the bounds of his prudence, by the thought of a danger so imminent. "Well, well, let us come back; the price—will that do?" And taking up a pen he scratched some figures on a piece of paper.

Lajolais smiled dubiously, and added a unit to the left of the sum.

"What! a hundred and fifty-thousand francs!" cried Fouché.

"And a cheap bargain, too," said the other; "for, after all, it is only the price of a ticket in

the lottery, of which the great prize is General Ney!"

"You say truly," said the minister; "be it so."

"Write your name there, then," said Lajolais, "beneath those figures; that will be warranty sufficient for my negotiation, and leave the rest to me."

"Nature evidently meant you for a *Chef-de-Police*, Master Lajolais."

"Or a cardinal! Mons. le Ministre," said the other, as he folded up the paper, a little insignificant slip, scrawled over with a few figures, and an almost illegible word; and yet pregnant with infamy to one, banishment to another, ruin and insanity to a third.

This sad record need not be carried further. It is far from a pleasant task to tell of baseness unredeemed by one trait of virtue—of treachery, unrepented even by regret. History records Moreau's unhappy destiny—the pages of private memoir tell of Ney's disastrous connexion; our own humble reminiscences speak of poor Mahon's fate, the least known of all, but the most sorrowful victim of a woman's treachery!

SECRET COURTSHIP.*

BY HERANGER.

DAUGHTER, while you turn the wheel,

Listen to the words I say;

Colin has contrived to steal

Your unthinking heart away.

Of his fawning voice beware!

You are all the Blind One's care;

And I mark your sighs whene'er

Our young neighbor's name is heard.

Colin's tongue is false though winning—

Hist! the window is unbarred!

Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say,

But, my daughter, do not peep

Through the casement—night and day

Colin there his watch doth keep.

Think not mine a grumbling tongue—

Ah! here at my breast you hung—

I, like you, was fair and young,

And I know how apt is love

To lead the youthful heart to sinning—

Hist! the door—I heard it move—

Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

It is a gust of wind, you say,

That has made the hinges grate;

And my poor old growling Tray—

Must you break for that his pate?

Ah, my child, put faith in me!

Age permits me to foresee

Colin soon will faithless be,

And your love to an abyss

Of grief will be the sad beginning—

Bless me! sure I heard a kiss!

Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

'T was your little bird, you say,

Gave that tender kiss just now;

* A Blind mother sits in her cottage beside her pretty daughter, and cautions her against love, while all the time a dumb scene is going on between the girl and her lover, whom the old dame dreads.

Make him cease his trifling, pray—

He will rue it else, I vow!

Love, my girl, oft bringeth pain,

Shame and sorrow in its train,

While the false, successful swain

Scorns the heart he hath beguiled;

For true virtue hath no sinning—

Hist! I hear you move my child!

Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

You wish to take the air, you say—

Think you, daughter, I believe you?

Bid young Colin go his way

Or at once a bride receive you.

Let him go to church, and there

Show his purpose to be fair;

But till then, beside my chair

You must work, my girl, nor heed

All his vows so fond and winning—

Tangled in love's web, indeed!

Lisette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Times" has written to complain of having been compelled to pay 8*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.* for a single night's lodging in furnished apartments taken by him at a house in Welbeck street for a week, but which were so much infested by bugs that he was compelled to quit them after the first night. The public ought to know that it has been laid down by various judges, in the courts of law, that a lodger is not bound to stay in a house where this nuisance exists.

THE following note was published in the Paris evening journals:—

"To-day, Tuesday, August 19, a hostile meeting took place with swords on the Belgian territory, within 500 metres of the Quievrain station, between M. Charles Matharel de Fienmes and M. de Villemessant. After a combat of ten minutes, five times renewed, and after M. de Villemessant had received a slight wound, the engagement became sufficiently sharp to permit the seconds to use their authority and declare the combat at an end.

"E. H. DE LA PIERRE. M. MAQUET.

"*Quievrain, 6 in the evening.*"

From the Tribune.

The History of the United States of America. Vol. V. By RICHARD HILDRETH. 8vo. pp. 686. Harper & Brothers.

THIS volume is the second of the new series of American history, by Mr. Hildreth, treating of the period from the accession of John Adams to the presidency, to the commencement of the commercial difficulties with Great Britain, under the administration of Jefferson. It has the same general characteristics as the preceding volumes. Mr. Hildreth writes with no fear of critics before his eyes. In spite of repeated admonitions, he persists in the same rigid simplicity of narrative, which he appears to deem essential to the writer of history. He is never betrayed into the expression of emotion; seldom into the use of a rhetorical ornament. Still he is not a mere chronicler. He goes beyond the events which he describes to the principles which underlie them. You gain an idea of the progress of thought in the historical developments which he portrays, though he does not affect to give an exposition of causes. He suggests more than he unfolds. You are often provoked by his abstinence from comments. It seems sullen and ungenial. You return, however, to his pages with confidence in his researches, and carry away an impression of each special period, which is all the more distinct from the wintry bareness with which it is presented. With the strong predilections of the writer for Hamilton and his policy, and his utter detestation of the character of Jefferson, we were curious to see if he would preserve the impartiality of the historian in his description of their measures. After reading the account of those rival statesmen, we find no reason to complain that each does not receive the most rigorous justice. The feelings of the partisan have not warped the judgment of the historian. He has presented his readers with abundant materials for the formation of opinion, without seeking to forestall their decisions by his own reasoning. In this he has done well. Such a course enables you to consult his narrative with a sense of safety, though you derive no gratification of taste from his method of portraiture.

Mr. Hildreth's great talent of silence is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the condensed brevity with which he sketches the character of Washington, after the announcement of his decease.

Rare man indeed he was among actors on the military and political stage, possessing in the highest degree the most imposing qualities of a great leader—deliberate and cautious wisdom in judging, promptitude and energy in acting, a steady, firm, indomitable spirit, such as men love to cling to and rely upon; more than all, an unsullied integrity, and a sincere and disinterested devotion to his country's cause, such, indeed, as many public men, or their followers for them, pretend to, but the credit of which very few get, and still fewer deserve. History records many names that dazzle the imagination with a greater brilliancy, but few, indeed, that shine with a light so pure, steady, permanent, penetrating, and serene. Washington's character and reputation, as contrasted with those of many other famous men, seem to resemble in effect the Doric in architecture as compared with the Gothic and Oriental styles. Those styles often excite, especially in minds peculiarly liable to vivid impressions, the most enthusiastic pitch of admiration, appealing, as they do, not alone nor chiefly to the sentiment of the beautiful, but to the powerful emotions, also, of surprise and wonder, growing out

of novelty, variety, complication, and vastness. But these are emotions, especially if we take into account the mass of men and succeeding generations, liable to great fluctuations, often subsiding into indifference, sometimes sinking into contempt; while the serenest sentiments, always and everywhere inspired by majesty, order, proportion, grace and fitness, are not less steady, universal and enduring than the perceptions from which they spring.

In a subsequent passage we find a contrast between John Adams and John Jay, after their retirement from office, much to the advantage of the latter.

ADAMS AND JAY CONTRASTED.

The ex-president retired to Braintree in a state of mind little to be envied. Delighting as he did in distinction, and anxious for leadership and applause, had he still remained the head and champion of the Federalists, his proud spirit might have borne up with equanimity, if not with exultation, against the hatred of the opposition, the taunts and shouts of triumph with which they greeted his retirement, and the personal responsibility to which he was held for the Alien and Sedition Laws, and every other obnoxious procedure of the past four years. But when to all this were added the curses, deeper, if not so loud, of the Essex Junto, responded to by a large part of the Federal leaders throughout the country, denouncing him as a traitor, who had sacrificed the good cause in a vain and foolish attempt to secure the votes and favor of the opposition by unworthy concessions, the ex-president's philosophy was completely overthrown. Eight years after, when time had somewhat fleshed over these wounds, they broke out again with new malignancy by reason of renewed attacks upon him in consequence of John Quincy Adams' abandonment of the Federal party. The celebrated Cunningham letters—a repetition, on a larger scale, of the Fench Coxé correspondence, already referred to—most of which were written at that time, and from which we have already had occasion to quote, present a striking proof how the most powerful judgments become incapable of discerning the truth through the disturbing medium of jealousy and anger, and how little of candor or justice is to be expected when hate and vindictive passion hold the pen. Even the old man's last hours, when past the verge of ninety, were disturbed by the publication, through gross breach of confidence, of these Cunningham letters, as a part of the electioneering machinery against John Quincy Adams' elevation to the presidency, provoking, as they did, a bitter criticism from Pickering, then, also, in extreme old age.

To Adams' unwilling and ungraceful retirement and troublous unrest, John Jay, his compatriot and fellow-laborer in so many trying scenes for a quarter of a century, exhibited a striking contrast. Having refused to become again chief justice, and declining to be longer a candidate for the governorship of New York, considering his debt to the public discharged, though ten years younger than Adams, he simultaneously withdrew into a voluntary retirement, protracted through a still longer period, and presenting, in its peacefulness and the universal respect which it attracted, a contrast to Adams' as marked as that between the ex-chief justice's mild but steady firmness, apparently forgetful of self, and the irritable vehemence and ever-active egotism, such marked traits in the ex-president's character.

The quarrel between Burr and Hamilton, which terminated in the death of one party and the disgrace of the other, is described at length.

HAMILTON AND BURR.

Disappointed, and all his hopes blighted, as he

believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became eager for vengeance. Humiliating was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his political defeat merely, but his blasted character also. Though fallen from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton still enjoyed the unbounded confidence of a party, outnumbered, indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while of his better opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candor, doubted his honor or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by everybody, and just about to sink into political annihilation and pecuniary ruin. Two months' meditation on this desperate state of affairs wrought up his cold, implacable spirit to the point of risking his own life to take that of his rival. He might even have entertained the insane hope—for, though cunning and dexterous to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that, Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, he might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by a Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan of Lewis, in one of which it is alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as "a dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper added, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans, and not less dark, designing, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter and a note from Burr, insisting upon "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant Cooper's assertions."

Perfectly well acquainted both with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness' conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton declined any immediate answer, promising a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputations upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet, from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing more was said about the definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable. Still, Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered;—but added that he never would consent to be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said anything in the course of fifteen years of political competition to justify inferences which others might have drawn, thus exposing his candor and sincerity to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have misapprehended him. "More than this," so the letter concluded, "cannot fitly be expected from me; especially, it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanations upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequences."

Burr's curt, rude, and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was greatly deficient in that sincerity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been affixed to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized

it, either directly, or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from this letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of any intention, in any conversation he might ever have held, to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to make this extraordinary inquiry into Hamilton's confidential conversations and correspondence, it would have been quite out of the question for Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's swindling pecuniary transactions, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as his political character, as a consummate villain, as reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious, and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasions to express more or less distinctly while warning his Federal friends against the arts of Burr.

Desirous, however, to deprive Burr of any possible excuse in persisting in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowal as to any other particular and specific conversation as to which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have expected the general disavowal he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and a mere evasion; and again, a second time, disavowing in the same breath the charge made against him of predetermined hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge. Even after its delivery, Hamilton made a further attempt at pacific arrangement in a second paper, denying any attempt to evade, or intention to defy or insult, as had been insinuated, with particular reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter, in Burr's observations, through Van Ness, on Hamilton's first paper. But this second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had been already given and accepted. It was insisted, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session, in which he had many important cases, that the meeting should be postponed till the court was over, since he was not willing, by any act of his, to expose his clients to embarrassment, loss, or delay.

THE DUEL.

It was not at all in the spirit of the professed duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and in the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his oldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate he took care to leave behind him. It was in his character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above

all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which are likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix any odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling toward Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconception or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The barge-men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses. The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces, loaded the pistols, made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but, on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and barge-men already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella. The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," said he, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he swooned quite away. As he was carried across the river the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

The news of his death, diffused through the city, produced the greatest excitement. Even that party hostility of which he had been so conspicuous an object was quelled for the moment. All were now willing to admit that he was not less patriotic than able, and that in his untimely death—for he was only in his forty-eighth year—the country had suffered an irreparable loss. The general feeling expressed itself in a public ceremony, the mournful pomp of which the city had never seen equalled. A funeral oration was delivered in Trinity Church, by Gouverneur Morris, at whose side, on the platform erected for the speaker, stood four sons of Hamilton, between the

ages of sixteen and six. Morris briefly recapitulated Hamilton's public services and noble virtues—his purity of heart, his rectitude of intention, his incorruptible integrity. "I charge you to protect his fame!" he added; "it is all that he has left—all that these orphan children will inherit from their father. Though he was compelled to abandon public life, never for a moment did he abandon public service. He never lost sight of your interests. In his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion were your freedom and happiness. You know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. He was charged with ambition, and wounded by imputation; he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office unless, in a foreign war, he should be called upon to expose his life in defence of his country. He was ambitious only of glory; but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin."

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact, not to be approached in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!

With this passage we close our extracts, which show that the present volume of the author's great work, while it has gained nothing in the seductive artifices of style, is not inferior to either of the preceding ones in vigor and historic gravity.

THE UNGUARDED MOMENT.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

Yes, my lips to night have spoken
Words I said they should not speak;
And I would I could recall them—

Would I had not been so weak.
Oh, that one unguarded moment!

Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of its temptation
Would appeal to me in vain.

True, my lips have only uttered
What is ever in my heart:
I am happy when beside him,
Wretched when we are apart;
Though I listen to his praises
Always longer than I should,
Yet my heart can never hear them
Half so often as it would!

And I would not, could not, pain him,
Would not for the world offend,
I would have him know I like him
As a brother, as a friend;
But I meant to keep one secret
In my bosom always hid,
For I never meant to tell him
That I loved him—but I did.

From the Tribune.

History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and of the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Jr. 8vo., pp. 630. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

WITHIN one year after the rock-built citadel of Quebec was surrendered to the British army, under General Wolfe, the conquest of Canada was completed by the victory at Montreal. The plains around that city were covered with the tents of three triumphant armies, and Canada, with all her dependencies, passed from the hands of her ancient masters to the all-grasping dominion of Great Britain. This event, which took place on the eighth of September, 1760, was ominous of disaster to the natives of the American forest. Living with the French on terms of friendly intimacy, blending facily with that vivacious race by reason of strong contrasts of disposition, converted in numerous instances to the Catholic faith by the romantic toils of the Jesuits in the wilderness, and bound together by the common ties of religion, passion, and similar habitudes, the Indian tribes might long have kept their native soil, if the supremacy of France had been maintained in the Canadian colonies. But the victory of Quebec was the signal of their ruin.

Soon after the surrender of Montreal, the British proceeded to take possession of the western outposts. The execution of this task was entrusted to a provincial officer, Major Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, and a partisan commander of considerable celebrity. He had been an associate of Putnam and Stark, in the woodland warfare which has made the adventures of the former a familiar theme at every fireside of New England. With a tall and vigorous person, he was skilled in all the arts of woodcraft, sagacious, prompt, and resolute in action, yet with a degree of caution that was sometimes mistaken for cowardice.

On the 12th of September, 1760, Rogers was ordered to ascend the lakes with a detachment of rangers, and take possession, in the name of the British crown, of Detroit, Michilimackinac, and the other western posts included in the recent capitulation. He left Montreal on the following day with two hundred rangers, in fifteen whale boats. It was not till near the close of October that he arrived at Presque Isle on the southern margin of Lake Erie. "The season was far advanced. The wind was chill, the lake was stormy, and the woods on shore were tinged with the fading hues of autumn. On the 7th of November the party reached the mouth of Cayahoga River, the present site of Cleveland. No body of troops under the British flag had ever before advanced so far. The day was dull and rainy, and, resolving to rest until the weather should improve, Rogers ordered his men to prepare their encampment in the neighboring forest. The place has seen strange changes since that day. A youthful city has usurped the place where the fish-hawk and the eagle, the wolf and the bear, then reigned with undisputed mastery."

Upon taking up their quarters at that point, the rangers received a visit from a party of Indian chiefs and warriors, who proclaimed themselves an embassy from Pontiac, the ruler of all that country, and in his name forbade the further progress of the English, until they should have an in-

terview with the great chief, who was already in the vicinity. Before night fell, accordingly, Pontiac made his appearance; and here, for the first time, the life of the savage autocrat becomes the subject of history. Greeting Rogers with the haughty bearing of a "Stoic of the Woods," he demanded of him his business in the country, and how he had presumed to enter it without his permission. Rogers informed him of the defeat of the French, and the surrender of Canada, adding that he was on his way to take possession of Detroit, and to restore a general peace, which would be of equal benefit to the white man and the Indian. After listening with attention, Pontiac only replied that he should stand in the path of the English until the next morning. He then withdrew to his own encampment, while Rogers, ill at ease, stood on his guard through the whole night. Pontiac returned in the morning, accompanied by several chiefs. He said that he was willing to live at peace with the English, so long as they treated him with proper respect. The Indian chiefs and the provincial officers smoked the calumet together, and perfect harmony seemed established between them. The sudden adherence of Pontiac to the English was in perfect accordance with his shrewd and ambitious character. He saw that the French power was on the wane, and with genuine diplomatic sagacity was eager to desert a falling cause. Accustomed to flattery and homage from the French, he hoped to receive a similar treatment from his new allies, and to gain in them a powerful aid to his ambitious projects among his own tribes. But in this expectation the crafty savage was doomed to disappointment.

The detachment started again on the 12th of November, and in a few days reached the western end of Lake Erie. On arriving at this point, they found that the Detroit Indians were in arms against them, and that four hundred of their warriors were in ambush at the entrance of the river. But Pontiac exerted his influence in behalf of his new friends, and induced the warriors to abandon their design. Meantime, the French commandant at Detroit was informed of the approach of the English, and summoned to surrender the post. After some hesitation, he complied with the mandate. The garrison defiled upon the plain, and laid down their arms; the lily was lowered from the flag-staff, and the red cross of St. George rose in its place, while seven hundred Indian warriors greeted the sight with yells of triumph. They formed the loftiest idea of English prowess, and could not conceal their astonishment at the forbearance of the conquerors in not killing the vanquished on the spot. The other posts included in the capitulation were soon after taken possession of, and the work of conquest was completed.

The country was scarcely transferred to the English, when the Indian tribes began to express their discontent. From the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, a deep-rooted hatred to the English increased with rapid growth in every wigwam and hamlet of the forest. The ancient enmity, which had been fomented by many battles, could not be forgotten. Nor was it likely to be appeased by the conduct of the English, in their new relations with the tribes. This state of things gave great satisfaction to the French. They regarded it as an assurance of vengeance on their conquerors. Every motive prompted them to inflame the resentment of the Indians. With so many causes to excite their

warlike spirit, it could not be expected that the savage tribes would long remain at rest. After several abortive projects, a conspiracy was planned of greater extent, and more comprehensive design, than was ever before or since conceived or executed in the warfare of the Indians. It was decided to attack all the English forts on the same day; to lay waste the frontier and destroy the settlements; driving the English back into the sea, and restoring the country to its primitive owners.

At the head of this conspiracy was Pontiac, the principal chief of the Ottawas, a man of strong and capacious intellect, possessing commanding energy of character, and in subtlety and savage wiles not surpassed by the best of Indian blood.

It was a momentous and gloomy crisis for the Indian race, for never before had they been exposed to such pressing and imminent danger. With the downfall of Canada, the Indian tribes had sunk at once from their position of power and importance. Hitherto the two rival European nations had kept each other in check upon the American continent, and the Indian tribes had, in some measure, held the balance of power between them. To conciliate their good will and gain their alliance, to avoid offending them by injustice and encroachment, was the policy both of the French and English. But now the face of affairs was changed. The English had gained an undisputed ascendancy, and the Indians, no longer important as allies, were treated as mere barbarians, who might be trampled on with impunity. Abandoned to their own feeble resources and divided strength, the tribes must fast recede, and dwindle away before the steady progress of the colonial power. Already their best hunting-grounds were invaded, and from the eastern ridges of the Alleghanies they might see, from far and near, the smoke of the settler's clearings, rising in tall columns from the dark-green bosom of the forest. The doom of the race was sealed, and no human power could avert it; but they, in their ignorance, believed otherwise, and vainly thought that, by a desperate effort, they might yet uproot and overthrow the growing strength of their destroyers.

It would be idle to suppose that the great mass of the Indians understood, in its full extent, the danger which threatened their race. With them, the war was a mere outbreak of fury, and they turned against their enemies with as little reason or forecast as a panther when he leaps at the throat of the hunter. Goaded by wrongs and indignities, they struck for revenge, and relief from the evil of the moment. But the mind of Pontiac could embrace a wider and deeper view. The peril of the times was unfolded in its full extent before him, and he resolved to unite the tribes in one grand effort to avert it. He did not, like many of his people, entertain the absurd idea that the Indians, by their unaided strength, could drive the English into the sea. He adopted the only plan that was consistent with reason, that of restoring the French ascendancy in the west, and once more opposing a check to British encroachment. With views like these, he lent a greedy ear to the plausible falsehoods of the Canadians, who assured him that the armies of King Louis were already advancing to recover Canada, and that the French and their red brethren, fighting side by side, would drive the English dogs back within their own narrow limits.

We have now introduced our readers to the main subject of this volume, and we will not anticipate their curiosity by following the historian at any greater length in the absorbing details of his narrative. He has certainly invested the subject with a singular interest, combining the diligence and fidelity of the historian with the vivid fancies and picturesque descriptions of the poet. Every page

bears the marks of grave and patient research. It was no easy task to reduce such incoherent materials to order and symmetry. In doing this, the author has shown a degree of judgment and skill, which legitimates his title to a high rank among accurate and trustworthy historians. Nor is he a mere dry collector of facts. He is never lost in the multiplicity of details. His narrative is remarkable for its just proportions and graceful flow. The whole volume presents a grand historical picture, which satisfies at once both the eye and the imagination. A perpetual freshness is given to the narrative by the author's own experience of Indian life. He describes less as an explorer of musty documents, than as an eye-witness of events. His scenes are often redolent of forest fragrance, or ring with the shrill war-cry of Indian rage. He has turned to the best account the familiar acquaintance with the men and scenery of the wilderness, which he obtained by the camp-fire or in the canoe, while domesticated, at various intervals, in the wild regions of the North and West.

A valuable feature of this volume is the frequent episodes, illustrative of Indian character and history, which the author brings in with great effect, though not to the interruption of the regular narrative. Their style usually betrays the artistic and practised writer. Many of them, though treating of the rude traits of wilderness warfare, are highly finished pieces of composition, and, in point of graphic force, and polished elegance of expression, would do no discredit to the pen of Irving, or of Bancroft.

We select from the first part of the volume a description of

LIFE AMONG THE OJIBWAS.

In their mode of life they were far more rude than the Iroquois, or even the Southern Algonquin tribes. The totemic system is found among them in its most imperfect state. The original clans have become broken into fragments, and indefinitely multiplied; and many of the ancient customs of the institution are but loosely regarded. Agriculture is little known, and, through summer and winter, they range the wilderness with restless wandering, now gorged to repletion, and now perishing with want. In the calm days of summer, the Ojibwa fisherman pushes out his birch canoe upon the great inland ocean of the North; and, as he gazes down into the pellucid depths, he seems like one balanced between earth and sky. The watchful fish-hawk circles above his head; and below, further than his line will reach, he sees the trout glide shadowy and silent over the glimmering pebbles. The little islands on the verge of the horizon seem now starting into spires, now melting from the sight, now shaping themselves into a thousand fantastic forms, with the strange mirage of the waters; and he fancies that the evil spirits of the lake lie basking their serpent forms on those unhalloved shores. Again, he explores the watery labyrinths where the stream sweeps among pine-tufted islands, or runs, black and deep, beneath the shadows of moss-bearded firs; or he lifts his canoe upon the sandy beach, and, while his camp-fire crackles on the grass plat, reclines beneath the trees, and smokes and laughs away the sultry hours, in a lazy luxury of enjoyment.

But when winter descends upon the north, sealing up the fountains, fettering the streams, and turning the green-robed forests to shivering nakedness, then, bearing their frail dwellings on their backs, the Ojibwa family wander forth into the wilderness, cheered only, on their dreary track, by the whistling of the north wind, and the hungry howl of wolves. By the banks of some frozen stream, women and children, men and dogs, lie crouched together around

the fire. They spread their benumbed fingers over the embers, while the wind shrieks through the fir-trees like the gale through the rigging of a frigate, and the narrow concave of the wigwam sparkles with the frost-work of their congealed breath. In vain they beat the magic drum, and call upon their guardian manitous;—the wary moose keeps aloof, the bear lies close in his hollow tree, and famine stares them in the face. And now the hunter can fight no more against the nipping cold and blinding sleet. Stiff and stark, with haggard cheek, and shrivelled lip, he lies among the snow drifts, till, with tooth and claw, the famished wild-cat strives in vain to pierce the frigid marble of his limbs. Such harsh schooling is thrown away on the incorrigible mind of the northern Algonquin. He lives in misery, as his fathers lived before him. Still, in the brief hour of plenty, he forgets the season of want; and still the sleet and the snow descend upon his houseless head.

Here is a life-like picture of

THE CANADIAN BUSH-RANGER.

The fur-trade engendered a peculiar class of men, known by the appropriate name of bush-rangers, or *coueurs des bois*, half-civilized vagrants, whose chief vocation was conducting the canoes of the traders along the lakes and rivers of the interior; many of them, however, shaking loose every tie of blood and kindred, identified themselves with the Indians, and sank into utter barbarism. In many a squalid camp among the plains and forests of the West, the traveller would have encountered men owning the blood and speaking the language of France, yet, in their wild and swarthy visages and barbarous costume, seeming more akin to those with whom they had cast their lot. The renegade of civilization caught the habits and imbibed the prejudices of his chosen associates. He loved to decorate his long hair with eagle feathers, to make his face hideous with vermilion, ochre, and soot, and to adorn his greasy hunting-frock with horse-hair fringes. His dwelling, if he had one, was a wigwam. He lounged on a bear-skin while his squaw boiled his venison and lighted his pipe. In hunting, in dancing, in singing, in taking a scalp, he rivalled the genuine Indian. His mind was tainted with the superstitions of the forest. He had faith in the magic drum of the conjurer; he was not sure that a thunder-cloud could not be frightened away by whistling at it through the wing-bone of an eagle; he carried the tail of a rattle-snake in his bullet pouch by way of amulet; and he placed implicit trust in the prophetic truth of his dreams. This class of men is not yet extinct. In the cheerless wilds beyond the northern lakes, or among the mountain solitudes of the distant West, they may still be found, unchanged in life and character since the day when Louis the Great claimed sovereignty over the desert empire.

A spirited, and probably a correct, sketch is given of one of the most celebrated European characters that figure in Indian history.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

About the year 1734, in consequence, it is said, of the hapless issue of a love affair, William Johnson, a young Irishman, came over to America at the age of nineteen, where he assumed the charge of an extensive tract of wild land in the province of New York, belonging to his uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren. Settling in the valley of the Mohawk, he carried on a prosperous traffic with the Indians; and while he rapidly rose to wealth, he gained, at the same time, an extraordinary influence over the neighboring Iroquois. As his resources increased, he built two mansions in the valley, known respectively by the names of Johnson Castle and Johnson Hall, the latter of which, a well-constructed building of wood and

stone, is still standing in the village of Johnstown. Johnson Castle was situated at some distance higher up the river. Both were fortified against attack, and the latter was surrounded with cabins built for the reception of the Indians, who often came in crowds to visit the proprietor, invading his dwelling at all unseasonable hours, loitering in the doorways, spreading their blankets in the passages, and infecting the air with the fumes of stale tobacco.

Johnson supplied the place of his former love by a young Dutch damsel, who bore him several children; and, in justice to the latter, he married her upon her death-bed. Soon afterward he found another favorite in the person of Molly Brant, sister of the celebrated Mohawk war-chief, whose black eyes and laughing face caught his fancy, as, fluttering with ribbons, she galloped past him at a muster of the Tyron County militia.

Johnson's importance became so conspicuous, that when the French war broke out, in 1755, he was made a major-general; and soon after, the colonial troops under his command gained the battle of Lake George against the French forces of Baron Dieskau. For this success, for which, however, the commander was entitled to little credit, he was raised to the rank of baronet, and rewarded with a gift of five thousand pounds from the king. About this time he was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the northern tribes, a station in which he did signal service to the country. In 1759, when General Prideaux was killed by the bursting of a coborn in the trenches before Niagara, Johnson succeeded to his command, routed the French in another pitched battle, and soon raised the red cross of England on the conquered rampart of the fort. After the peace of 1763, he lived for many years at Johnson Hall, constantly enriched by the increasing value of his vast estate, and surrounded by a hardy Highland tenantry, devoted to his interests; but when the tempest which had long been brewing seemed at length about to break, and signs of a speedy rupture with the mother country thickened with every day, he stood wavering in an agony of indecision, divided between his loyalty to the sovereign who was the source of all his honors, and his reluctance to become the agent of a murderous Indian warfare against his countrymen and friends. His final resolution was never taken. In the summer of 1774 he was attacked with a sudden illness, and died within a few hours, in the sixtieth year of his age, hurried to the grave by mental distress, or, as many believed, by the act of his own hand.

Nature had well fitted him for the position in which his propitious stars had cast his lot. His person was tall, erect, and strong, his features grave and manly. His direct and upright dealings, his courage, eloquence and address, were sure passports to favor in Indian eyes. He had a singular facility of adaptation. In the camp, or at the council-board, in spite of his defective education, he bore himself as became his station; but at home he was seen drinking flip and smoking tobacco with the Dutch boors, his neighbors, talking of improvements or the price of beaver skins; and in the Indian villages he would feast on dog's flesh, dance with the warriors, and harangue his attentive auditors with all the dignity of an Iroquois sachem. His temper was genial; he encouraged rustic sports and was respected and beloved alike by whites and Indians.

His good qualities, however, were alloyed with serious defects. His mind was as coarse as it was vigorous; he was vain of his rank and influence, and, being quite free from any scruple of delicacy, he lost no opportunity of proclaiming them. His nature was eager and ambitious; and, in pushing his own way, he was never distinguished by an anxious solicitude for the right of others.

As a specimen of the author's reflective vein, we quote the following description of

TRAPPER LIFE.

Those rude and hardy men, hunters and traders, scouts and guides, who ranged the woods beyond the English borders, and formed a connecting link between barbarism and civilization, have been touched upon already. They were a distinct, peculiar class, marked with striking contrasts of good and evil. Many, though by no means all, were coarse, audacious, and unscrupulous; yet, even in the worst, one might have often found a vigorous growth of warlike virtues, an iron endurance, an undespairing courage, a wondrous sagacity, and singular fertility of resource. In them was renewed, with all its ancient energy, that wild and daring spirit, that force and hardihood of mind, which marked our barbarous ancestors of Germany and Norway. These sons of the wilderness still survive. We may find them to this day, not in the valley of the Ohio, nor on the shores of the lakes, but far westward on the desert range of the buffalo, and among the solitudes of Oregon. Even now, while I write, some lonely trapper is climbing the perilous defiles of the Rocky Mountains, his strong frame encased in time-worn buck-skin, his rifle gripped in his sinewy hand. Keenly he peers from side to side, lest Blackfoot or Arapahoe should ambuscade his path. The rough earth is his bed, a morsel of dried meat and a draught of water are his food and drink, and death and danger his companions. No anchorite could fare worse, no hero could dare more; yet his wild, hard life has resistless charms; and while he can wield a rifle, he will never leave it. Go with him to the rendezvous, and he is a stoic no more. Here, rioting among his comrades, his native appetites break loose in mad excess, in deep carouse, and desperate gaming. Then follow close the quarrel, the challenge, the fight—two rusty rifles and fifty yards of prairie.

The nursing of civilization, placed in the midst of the forest, and abandoned to his own resources, is helpless as an infant. There is no clue to the labyrinth. Bewildered and amazed, he circles round and round in hopeless wanderings. Despair and famine make him their prey, and unless the birds of heaven minister to his wants, he dies in misery. Not so the practised woodsman. To him the forest is a home. It yields him food, shelter and raiment, and he threads its trackless depths with undeviating foot. To lure the game, to circumvent the lurking foe, to guide his course by the stars, the wind, the streams, or the trees—such are the arts which the white man has learned from the red. Often, indeed, the pupil has outstripped his master. He can hunt as well; he can fight better; and yet there are niceties of the woodsman's craft in which the white must yield the palm to his savage rival. Seldom can he boast, in equal measure, that subtlety of sense, more akin to the instinct of brutes than to human reason, which reads the signs of the forest as the scholar reads the printed page, to which the whistle of a bird can speak clearly as the tongue of man, and the rustle of a leaf give knowledge of life or death. With us the name of a savage is a byword of reproach. The Indian would look with equal scorn on those, who, buried in useless lore, are blind and deaf to the great world of nature.

We feel bound to say that, in our opinion, this volume is no less an advance on the former productions of the author, in the vigor and the felicity of the execution, than in the importance of the subject. The mature harvest which is here gathered more than fulfils the bright promise of the early fruit. We understand that Mr. Parkman is still a young man, but he has nobly won a position in the field of American letters, which ought to gratify the most ardent ambition. The sumptuous typography of this volume sustains the high reputation of the Boston press.

For the Living Age.

LIVING DEATH.

Himself his sepulchre, a moving grave.

Milton.

THEY sought his dreary cell, and called him forth;—
They told him he was free;—he lingered still;—
They bade him breathe the air, and walk the earth,
And be, once more, the sovereign of his will.

They told him he was now no longer bound
To time and place, as others best might deem;
But there he stood unmoved, and gazed around
As one just wakened from some hideous dream.

They bade him speak, for speech was now his own;
They claimed, no more, dominion o'er its use;
They asked him where the power of thought was gone,
Now they had cast its long worn fetters loose.

They told him wingéd coursers were at hand
To bear him swiftly to the arms he loved;
And marvelled he should still in stupor stand,
As one who feared perdition if he moved.

They pointed to the hills which fancy's flights
So oft had crossed, in dear-loved scenes to roam;
And urged him now to scale their barrier heights,
And be himself again—the lord of home.

They told of eyes whence tears had long been shed,
At sight of him, would sudden cease to mourn;—
They spake of hearts, whence pleasure long had fled,
Would call her back to greet his glad return.

They pictured her whose prayers so long seemed vain,
Now on her knees in grateful transport cast;
They said, to hear his well-known voice again,
Would make her heart forget its anguish past.

They plead for those whose youthful mirth repressed;
Whose sports had languished, his bright smile withdrawn,

Impatient now to have their bonds released,
And hail his footsteps once more on the lawn.

They said the sun would give to them more light,
A livelier spirit dwell upon the air;
Each flower and shrub assume a hue more bright;—
The very flocks rejoice to know him there.

They told him Fame had only slept awhile,
But soon would call him to her courts again;
Soon on his new career in favor smile,
And more than compensate his years of pain.

They promised wealth would prove, to him, the tide
Just ebbing out to gather spoil the more,
And, in returning flood, bring shipwrecked pride
To take again her station on the shore.

That troops of friends would crowd his cheerful hall,
And whisper gentle flatteries to his ear;—
While memory would not deign the past recall,
So bright the future would to hope appear.

But he stood still—as one who dared not feel
A joy revive whence all had long been wrung;
And he was mute, as deaf to all appeal
Of words that spoke a now forgotten tongue.

They led him forth, for nature would revive,
They thought, the love once ardent in his breast;
They knew it there, but was it yet alive,
Or dead, no sign, no motion, now confest.

They showed around, the wondrous works of art,
For these, they knew, his genius once could scan;
And strove to rouse, within, some dormant part,
To animate his outward form of man.

But strove in vain—though all unsullied still,
Within, were nature's gifts and art's rich store;
Crushed, gone forever was the power of will
To call them forth;—to give their action more.
Ellendale, Va. W. B. B.

From the Spectator.

NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING 6TH SEPT.

THE work of reaction in the larger half of Europe is complete. Or rather, the ebb of the spring-tide of Liberalism of 1848 leaves exposed to view a greater extent of shoals and sandbanks of Absolutism than were visible before. The imperial rescripts, declaring the future constitution and mode of action of the Austrian Cabinet and Council of State, published at Vienna on the 26th of August, go far beyond Metternich; they speak the plain language of Russian autocracy. Henceforth, throughout all the dominions of the Austrian crown, there is to be but one will, one source of law—the Emperor. The highest ministers of state are to swear “unconditional fidelity” to him, and engage to fulfil “all imperial ordinances and resolutions.” In these rescripts, even the recognition of a supreme Divine power, with which the Holy Alliance sought to cloak its arrogance, is omitted; the man, the emperor, is declared to be all in all. In the Austrian as in the Russian empire there is only one man; all the rest are his puppets.

In Prussia, it is little better. The king, by resuscitating the Provincial diets, virtually declared himself to be the sole legislative authority. The elections of those diets have been a mere form; everywhere the government nominees have been returned by ludicrously small minorities of the electors, the majorities refusing to take any part in the proceedings. But the humiliation of Prussia does not stop there; the king, who so lately aspired to be Emperor of Germany, has sunk into a satellite of Austria. At Frankfort, and at Copenhagen, his ministers implicitly follow the lead of those of Austria; and himself, after taking sweet counsel with Prince Metternich at Johannesburg, has proceeded to do homage in person to his suzerain at Saltsburg and Ischl. Conferences, too, have been held between the subordinate German princes of Prussia, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, and between each of these and the Emperor of Austria. The German people are as completely tamed as their princes. Their unwonted vivacity in 1848 has fatigued them beyond measure; they have relapsed into their natural indolence; and, if one were to judge by their present mood, it might be opined that they will go on to smoke, dream, mutter, and obey as formerly, for the next half century.

The east and north of Europe being thus secured, the autocrats are preparing to extend their operations to Italy. A congress is about to be held at Verona, to reconsolidate the authority of the Italian princes under the shadow of the wings of the double eagle. An Italian Customs Union is to be formed; that is, a cordon of Austrian soldiers, in the dress of douaniers, is to be drawn round the frontiers of Piedmont.

In all these movements there is no mention of France; yet it is not to be doubted that France is never for a moment absent from the thoughts of the two Autocrats of Russia and Austria with their vassal princes. France is still in their eyes the centre of the revolutionary vortex. Taught by experience, they will not again attempt to arrest a French revolution by armies; but by the steps they are now taking in Italy and Germany, they probably contemplate the triple object of taking securities against democracy in their own dominions, discouraging it in France, and influencing the solution of the perplexing problems of May, 1852.

Meanwhile, the indomitable perseverance of the

exiled French revolutionists, in their struggles to replace their party in the ascendant, disposes the existing authorities in France to throw themselves into the scale of the absolute monarchs. Or the French government desires to make it appear that such is the case. So much may be inferred from the fact that a number of persons have been arrested in Paris, as being agents of Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and the German republicans: whether these arrests have been warranted by rash and premature plots among the exiles, or are merely the results of conspiracies hatched under the auspices of the police, may be made known hereafter.

THE “insurrection” in Cuba turns out to have been only a second invasion by Lopez; which, so far as our present information extends, has been a more disastrous failure than the first. None of the resident inhabitants appear to have shown any sympathy with the American sympathizers. Of fifty-two prisoners shot at Havana as pirates, the names of forty-nine are published, and they are all English with the exception of two Spaniards. The official account of the executions attributes the invasion to the instigations of the New Orleans newspapers. The public feeling in Cuba appears to be strong against the Americans. Some passengers in the American steam-ship *Cherokee*, who were present at the executions, were insulted, and it was dangerous for an American to be alone in the streets at night. An American steam-ship on her way from Chagres to Cuba has been fired on by a Spanish war-steamer. The American newspapers, on the other hand, affect to speak with admiration of the heroism of the “patriots;” and are filled with stories about the maltreatment of the bodies of the persons executed, by the mob, especially by “Negroes.” In other words, the Cuban Spaniards are enraged by the plots and machinations of American desperadoes to get possession of their island, and the Americans seem more than half-inclined to fasten a quarrel upon the Cubans for their natural expression of anger. It is obvious that a strong party in the Union will endeavor to impel the federal government into courses ending in the annexation of Cuba—unless prevented by the interference of stronger powers than Spain; a consummation which even that interference might only retard, and do so at the expense of a general war.

THE Duke of Norfolk, it is confidently affirmed, has withdrawn from the communion of the Church of Rome. The adherents of the faith he has abandoned, and those of the faith he has adopted, will of course estimate differently the value of the noble convert. Without attributing any undue weight to the opinions of his grace, it may be said that a convert who, though limited in the range of his intellect, has uniformly regulated his conduct by his judgment, not by his passions or his fancy, is at least as creditable an accession to a church as men and women who have bewildered themselves by pretty mysticisms. What is of more consequence is, that the step taken by the Duke of Norfolk marks the tendency of the intellect of the age, the conversions to the Romish Church mark the tendency of its fancy; and, in the long run, intellect is sure to gain the ascendancy over fancy. It may be added, that those who have opportunities to observe the duke in his private and personal relations express little, if any, surprise at his avowed

conversion. His conduct for many years had shown that he was one of a class not uncommon among the educated Catholics, who adhere to their old religion more from habit and regard to the sentiments of near relatives than from conviction or preference. The rude wind of Ultramontane agitation has only shaken down this over-ripe fruit; there may be more quite as ready to fall.

LOCKS RUINED.—Chubb's lock has been picked, and also that of Bramah. When Gibraltar was taken, Spain could not have been more dismayed—when the Bastille, Louis the Sixteenth—than many a merchant whose treasure had reposed within fortresses understood to be impregnable. Lockpicking, it seems, is an art which may be reckoned among the manly sports of the Americans; they contend in it for prizes; and the chief of that art, A. C. Hobbs by name, comes over like a knight-errant to challenge all lock-makers. Chubb accepts, and Chubb finds his enchanted lock unavailing. Bramah, Hindu deity, who distributes miraculous ironmongery to a British public, is vanquished. The enchanted lance of Astolfo was not more victorious than Hobbs' master-key. Doubts exist as to his literal compliance with certain conditions; but that he has unlocked the impregnable locks, honestly and in presence of honest, intelligent men, is an historical fact.

England is not quite easy under the defeat. Hobbs has a lock of his own, and we see that a contemporary, desiring retaliation, challenges "some public-spirited burglar" to try his hand on the American patent lock. Meanwhile, Hobbs holds the double championship of lockmaking and lockpicking.

How a professional lockpicker must envy this amateur! Barrington's instruments for picking pockets were toys to Hobbs' invention. Many a young George Barnwell, who has sat near a Chubb longing to get at the inside, will feel a pang of regret that he had not been so lucky as Hobbs; forgetting how *industrious* that gentleman must have been. But as the satiated alderman wept to see the hungry man "waste that blessed appetite on mutton," so a hungry Turpin may gnash his teeth to see a Hobbs waste those blessed keys on science.

It is a question whether similarly Baconian industry might not bring the cognate sciences of pocketpicking, forgery, and smashing, to perfection. Pockets open to the public, bank-notes on demand at "only 5s. per hundred," sovereigns à discretion, would be delightful inventions—a brief feast for the ingenious few—a revolution in society.

Certain events are signs of progress. The young of mammalia are endowed as to their stomachs with a secretion called rennet, which enables them to render milk fit for easy digestion; but as they outgrow the sucking age, they lose that secretion. As civilization draws man from forest and prairie, he loses that piercing and far-reaching sight which enables him to see the eye of a sparrow behind the trunk of an oak-tree below the horizon. It seems that the lock is decaying from amongst us; are we then approaching a lockless state of society—a full-grown state of virtue—that golden age of "community" when locks will be needless?

Seriously, if locks are so weak, we must try to find some substitute; and it is not easy to see how that can be done in a hurry. The best substitute

for the lock on the safe is honesty in the heart; but it would take a good deal of training to bring society up to the perfect point in that; and we cannot yet agree even to *begin* general education.

THE *Liverpool Courier* describes with gusto, but with sadness, the riches of the menagerie and aviary of Knowsley, formed by the late Earl of Derby, and now about to be sold and dispersed. The sale-catalogue occupies fifty pages, and gives a classified enumeration of 345 mammalia in 94 different species, and of 1272 birds in 318 species.

"The total number of species is 412, and of individuals 1617; and of these there are 756 individuals, in 84 species, which were bred at Knowsley. The animals include many exceedingly rare antelopes, many sorts of beasts of burden from the East, many zebras, kangaroos, armadillos, rare goats and sheep, and llamas. The dogs include some noble blood-hounds. Among the birds, the collection of eagles and vultures is large, and the specimens are the finest in the country. There are ostriches, rheas, emus, cassowaries, and other gigantic birds; rare birds of the ibis character; and a group of pheasants, including the only male Japan pheasant in Europe. A collection of domestic poultry, and a crowd of tortoises, wind up the list."

The same journal laments the possible dispersion of the noble collection.

"The founder of the Knowsley aviary commenced his labors when comparatively a boy. He devoted a long and intelligent life to the pursuit of natural history, and he succeeded in forming a collection such as has never been equalled by any private collection or in any public institution. The like of Knowsley aviary was never seen before—it is probable it will never be seen again. All will deplore the scattering of this magnificent collection. Into the question of its distribution we do not now enter. It is probable that its founder did not expect it to be distributed after his decease; as he expressed his wish to a gentleman, about two years before his death, that, after he was removed hence, the collection would be of more general access and more instructive than it could be in a private family. But such as it was he made it. It occupied a hundred acres of land and seventy acres of water. Its first cost is unknown; its reputed annual outlay exceeds ten thousand pounds. The sale will bring purchasers from all civilized countries. We have reason to believe that the collection will be scattered through all the European capitals. But, whatever be its fate, we advise our readers, one and all, to go to the aviary when it is on view. Such a sight is nowhere else to be seen in the whole world, and we believe it will be next to impossible that another such collection can be got together."

THE death of Dr. Paulus, at Heidelberg, on the 10th of August, in the ninetieth year of his age, is an event of interest to students of theology, philosophy, and law.

"Dr. Paulus was born at Leonburg, near Stuttgart, in 1761. He studied chiefly at Tübingen, but visited several other universities in Germany, Holland, and England. While at Oxford, in the year 1784, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Jena, chiefly through the recommendation of Griesbach. In 1793 he succeeded to the theological chair, and gave lectures on theology

above forty years at Jena, Wurzburg, and Heidelberg, till advancing age and its infirmities compelled him to retire from his public duties. His profound learning, penetrating judgment, unshrinking courage, and unwearied assiduity, obtained for his writings, which were very numerous, a wide circulation; and his researches, historical and critical, as well as the inferences he deduced from them, produced, without doubt, considerable effect on the public mind. In private life he was singularly amiable, easy of access, courteous to strangers, bestowing kind and unostentatious attention on all who sought his assistance, and ever actively employed, up to his ninetieth year, in endeavoring to promote the interests of freedom, order, and peace—of piety, virtue, and humanity.”

From the Morning Chronicle, 10th Sept.

THE freedom of political discussion, either by public meetings or through the medium of an unfettered press, is an essential condition of modern society. Among the civilized nations of the world it is universally claimed as the first of political rights, and to the attempts made to restrain it may be attributed most of the revolutions which have occurred in modern times. Yet it is only in a few instances that it has become practically recognized. In most countries the battle has yet to be won, and on the continent those rights are still withheld which, in England and America, are the undisturbed inheritance of the people. In spite of the condemnation of all experience, the old expedient has been unhesitatingly resorted to, of attempting to correct public opinion by restraining its most legitimate expression. At the present moment the principal continental governments are vying with each other in pursuing the same obstinate course which drove Louis Philippe into exile, and shattered half the thrones in Europe. The right of holding public meetings has been taken away, and the freedom of the press, threatened everywhere by the violence of the reactionary party, has, in the majority of cases, been utterly destroyed. On the pretext of restraining libels and seditious meetings, political discussion has been put an end to by the two most powerful states in Germany. The rulers of those countries, not content with the performance of the ordinary duties of government, have resumed the task of the Holy Alliance, and seem prepared to carry on a perpetual war with the intellectual movement of the communities submitted to their sway. It is a somewhat arduous labor that has been undertaken by the cabinets of Berlin and Vienna—to recast the intelligence and thought of Germany in a military or official type, and to stay the progress of mind by the most vulgar expedients of repression. On the one side are the governments—willing, indeed, to conciliate their opponents by a plentiful distribution of the badges of servitude, but, if that fail, determined to use force to disarm and destroy their antagonists. On the other side are the strong feeling of nationality, which accomplished the war of liberation, and the yearning after political freedom, which made the revolution of 1848. To judge from the past, the temporary success and security of the reaction can only hasten its ruin. Every act of severity raises a new enemy, and public opinion lends no aid to a government which exists by crushing it. In the hour of trial the defences of despotism fail, and its strongholds capitulate on the first appearance of an enemy.

It is painful to watch the progress of folly or of

madness, and to see the repetition of those reckless measures which paved the way for the revolution. In former years an active censorship of books and journals was the principal instrument of the Metternich system. It drove the young and most stirring of all classes into secret associations, and it completely alienated the middle classes from the governments. Further, it drove away from the service of the country a vast amount of intelligence and activity. Not being able to obtain a hearing, and having no field for the exercise of their talents and energy, many who might have been useful citizens became only visionary politicians. Intelligence had been banished or trampled upon; and, if not destroyed, it had been rendered nearly unserviceable to the community. When, therefore, the revolution came, there were none to direct it. The bureaucratic government fell to pieces from its own miserable weakness, and its operation had prevented the formation of statesmen equal to the emergency. We are accustomed to smile at the exhibition which was made by the professors in their attempts to frame a constitution; yet they brought to their task great zeal and learning, and what they wanted was practical knowledge of politics, which their rulers had taken care they should have no means of obtaining. In the despatch of real business the most erudite jurists and historians proved to be perfect children, and there were no men in the country capable of undertaking the government in the moment of danger. Such was the effect of a system framed upon the principle of restraining political discussion, and of tolerating intellectual activity only when subservient to official interests. Yet, from what is now taking place, it appears as if it were determined to return to that system—condemned as it has been alike by its own failure and by its consequences. In Austria the final blow has been struck. There is no longer any disguise, and no attempt is made to excuse measures of severity on the ground of a temporary necessity. Absolute authority has been reinstated, and the government of functionaries constitutes the sole power in the empire. For the press, the state of siege still continues, and it is likely to become permanent. Comments upon the acts of the government, and upon the political state of the country, are arbitrarily punished, and foreign journals which treat of Austrian policy are rigorously excluded; it is but a few days ago that a Prussian newspaper of singularly moderate views was stopped at the Austrian post-office. These things are bad enough at Vienna, but they are far more unpardonable in countries where greater enlightenment prevails, and where the dominion of the sword is not yet openly proclaimed as the principle of government.

On former occasions we have had to notice the backward course of Prussia in internal legislation, and particularly in matters connected with the press. We have also seen the fears of that government displayed in a somewhat undignified manner, by the reprimand given by the king to the deputation of the citizens of Cologne. The liberal organs of the Rhenish provinces are conceived to be dangerous to the government, and the minatory address of the king has been followed by an official intimation to the proprietors of the *Cologne Gazette*, that measures of severity will be adopted unless the language of that journal is moderated. The owners of the paper—understanding that their property would share the fate of the *Treves Gazette*, which was recently confiscated—have accordingly determined to abstain from all political discussion, and to confine themselves to the mere statement of the

news of the day. The *Cologne Gazette* was an essentially liberal journal, and was therefore constantly opposed to the Manteuffel ministry; but its opposition was fairly conducted, and with moderate language. It could not be called revolutionary; and its opinions were far less violent than those of statesmen who enjoyed the confidence of his Prussian majesty in 1818. Nevertheless, it has been condemned by the ministers, and, as resistance would be useless and ruinous, it is reduced to silence. Having achieved this inglorious triumph, the king proceeded on his journey to enjoy the splendid honors of a military reception at Frankfort, and to receive and reply to the addresses of the states of Hohenzollern. At Cologne he exhibited the severity, at Hohenzollern the exquisite tenderness, of a paternal prince. In the mean time, the Prussian press is thoroughly subdued, and Frederick William has nearly recovered all that he lost at the barricades of Berlin, except the regard of his subjects.

What may have been the motives which led to this tyrannical proceeding it is not for us to determine. Fears of the democratic party may, perhaps, to some extent, have induced the chiefs of the reaction to assail the liberal press; but it should also be recollected that, among ministers who have been brought up under the bureaucratic *régime*, there is ever a jealousy of any other influence or authority beyond that which is purely official. They are unable to perceive the security that is gained by publicity of discussion, and the value of the press as the means of arguing public questions and of forming public opinion upon them. For these purposes political discussion in writing is perhaps of more importance than public meetings. The latter serve to show the numerical strength and resources of parties, but they are notoriously unfavorable to the argument of a question. The function of the press, on the other hand, is to collect and examine the opinions of the day—to reduce to form, and to place before the reader, the conclusions arrived at by the different schools of political thinkers. Influence, no doubt, will always belong to a political press, unless it be greatly abused—but it is an influence which is certainly not to be feared by society, because the measure of it depends upon its honesty and its practical usefulness. In the states to which we have alluded, the public press, though an object of suspicion to government, was looked upon with very different feelings by the great mass of the community, by whom its value was felt and acknowledged. If the suppressed journals had been prosecuted, and tried before juries, there would have been no doubt of the result. But, by the mere exercise of absolute authority, this beneficial influence, which was of comparatively recent growth on the Continent, has been destroyed. It is no excuse to say that flagrant abuses had been committed; for there are proper remedies for such excesses, and the occurrence of them cannot justify an outrageous invasion of the liberty of discussion. Nor can it be defended even upon the lowest ground of political expediency. It is most short-sighted wisdom to look for safety in such lawless proceedings. That which, under a freer system, would have been open controversy, will now become secret conspiracy, and the danger to society will be infinitely greater.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

'T was the very merry summer time
That garlands hills and dells,

And the south wind rung a fairy chime
Upon the foxglove bells;
The cuckoo stood on the lady birch
To bid her last good-by—
The lark sprung over the village church,
And whistled to the sky;
And we had come from the harvest sheaves,
A blithe and tawny train,
And tracked our path with poppy leaves
Along the old green lane.

'T was a pleasant way on a sunny day,
And we were a happy set,
As we idly bent where the streamlet went
To get our fingers wet;
With the dog-rose here, and the orchis there,
And the woodbine twining through,
With the broad trees meeting everywhere,
And the grass still dank with dew.
Ah! we all forgot, in that blissful spot,
The names of care and pain,
As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot
To rest in the old green lane.

Oh, days gone by! I can but sigh
As I think of that rich hour,
When my heart in its glee but seemed to be
Another wood-side flower;
For though the trees be still as fair,
And the wild bloom still as gay—
Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,
And Heaven as bright a day;
Yet the merry set are far and wide,
And we never shall meet again;—
We shall never ramble side by side
Along that old green lane.

ELIZA COOK.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE TEMPLES.

I.

NORTH of the Thames and south of Fleet-street lie,
Between Blackfriars-bridge and Waterloo,
The Inner Temple and the Middle too;
The outer, like the Pleiad lost on high
From its due place upon the starry sky,
Is *non inventus*, and what one should do
To find it, or where look for it, but few
Are antiquarians enough to pry.
In summer days the fountain's gentle plash
Is most refreshing, and the river's sheen
Glancing athwart the shades of the tall courts;
Outside is heard the city's din, and crash
Of many wheels; while here, in gardens green,
The little child beside its nursemaid sports.

THE TEMPLAR'S LUNCHEON.

II.

DELICIOUS oysters! He was a bold man,
They say, who ate you first; a prophet sage,
And file-leader of time, beyond his age
Intelligent, who prejudice outran,
And taught mankind, the foremost in the van,
To gulp the sapid mollusk. Be the page
Of Blackstone for a time left, while I wage
War on you by the score, as well I can.
In r-less months, by fancy fond beguiled,
I seek the cool shade of the well-known shop;
I view with scorn the substituted dish
Of pickled salmon; in my mind I build
Again the piles of barrels, and I stop
To taste the oysters only in my wish.